

COMMENT OF
 THE DAY

Cannot Succeed

IT looks very much as though the Big Four foreign ministers are going to get no nearer to agreement on disarmament than they have so far on Germany. Both sides appear to be determined to stand put on their respective proposals.

The basic hindrance to world disarmament and international control of nuclear weapons is that none of the major powers is at the present mentally or physically geared for a surrender of military strength and potential.

The democracies are mindful of the manner in which they hurriedly began to disarm immediately after World War II in the belief and expectation that Russia would do likewise, only to find that their former ally was embarking on an armaments programme which promised her unequalled military strength. Thus the West was forced to turn much of its resources to building up sufficient military defences to prevent Russia from obtaining such a position of strength that she could dictate to the whole world.

This the West has succeeded in doing, and the Big Three now feel, with justification, that they cannot just tumble into reverse at a given moment's notice unless the tightest guarantees can be secured that Russia will herself disarm in full proportion and accept the restrictions imposed by the international control and supervision of atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons of mass destruction.

This is the heavy background which must inevitably cast its shadow over the Big Three's deliberations with Mr Molotov in Geneva, and it helps to explain why the West is insisting that agreement on controls must precede decisions on the reduction of standing armies and the eventual elimination of certain types of weapons.

Russia doesn't like the idea of international control over arms manufacturing, any more than she likes President Eisenhower's proposals for mutual inspection of territories, for the simple reason she wants to remain free to develop her war potential in the way she thinks best. It is this which dooms disarmament talks before they have really started.

Deposed Acting President Sails For Unknown Destination

RIO TENSE AFTER COUP

Danger Of Civil War In Brazil

Rio de Janeiro, Nov. 11. Acting President Carlos Luz of Brazil, deposed after a bloodless coup by the army today, sailed out of Rio Bay in the cruiser *Almirante Parroso* for an unknown destination.

An army coastal battery at Copacabana Beach fired a shot at it but the former United States heavy cruiser sailed on.

Also aboard were the Navy Minister, Admiral Amorim da Valle, the Justice Minister, Senhor Prado Kelly, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, Admiral Pena Pinto.

300-YEAR-OLD SKELETONS FOUND

Calcutta, Nov. 11. Hundreds of human skeletons have been found in a big cave at the village of Changru, Nepal, two miles from the Indian-Nepal border, according to a dispatch from Lucknow to the *Hindustan Standard* today.

The correspondent said the skeletons included women, children and babies in arms—all believed dead 300 or 400 years ago.

The morning of the cave was mostly closed by a big stone which had been dropped from above. The skeletons were first reported by an Indian lawyer who made a trip to the scene days ago.

Local villagers had told him the skeletons were in villages who several centuries ago had shelter in the cave when they became panicky over a smallpox epidemic.—United Press.

Eleven Political Prisoners Escape

Constantine, Nov. 11. A state of alert was declared here today after the escape last night of 11 Algerian nationalists, all under death sentences.

None of the escapees was withheld for several hours after the Algerian desperados climbed over the outside wall of their prison and disappeared shortly after dusk.

A twelfth prisoner broke his leg during the getaway and was recaptured.—United Press.

The navy and air force ministers favoured such a rising and were heartily opposed by General Lott, whose lightning move today was termed "a coup to prevent a coup."

The President-elect spent the day in his home town, Belo Horizonte, 200 miles north of the capital, listening to radio bulletins. He said he had no other knowledge of the events "beyond what I read in the newspapers."

Senhor Luz had been acting President since President Joao Cafe Filho had a heart attack on November 3.—Reuter.

STAYS AT HOME

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Washington Trip

London, Nov. 11. Dr Abdel Moneim El Kaisoun, Egyptian Finance Minister, left London this evening by air for Washington, for further talks on the financing of a project for building a dam at Assuan on the Nile.—France-Presse.

He will be succeeded by M. Andro Dubois, up till now the Prefect of Police in Paris.

General Latour was seen off by a large crowd of French and Moroccan military and political figures. Among them was Sir Fatmi Ben Silmane, Premier-designate of Morocco, who said that General De Latour could continue to serve the cause of French-Moroccan friendship in his next post.—France-Presse.

RABAT, Nov. 11. General Pierre Boyer De Latour, outgoing French Resident-General in Morocco, left Rabat by air today for Paris.

He will be succeeded by M. Andro Dubois, up till now the Prefect of Police in Paris.

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EGYPT'S THREAT

Calo, Nov. 11. An official spokesman said to-day the Egyptian Government would enter a "real" arms race if the West should supply Israel with weapons.

He said Egypt could buy more arms from the Soviet, bloc if necessary.—United Press.

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RAF Officer
 Parachutes At
 Supersonic Speed

Injured By Air Blast, But Lives

London, Nov. 11.

A 22-year-old British officer is believed to have become history's first supersonic parachutist, it was disclosed today.

An Air Ministry spokesman confirmed that RAF medical chiefs were studying reports that Flying Officer Henry Molland bailed out of a Hawker Hunter travelling beyond the speed of sound and lived.

Molland's feat of successfully abandoning a plane on the other side of the sound barrier—if his readings of the speed was correct—is the first known case in history.

When Molland ejected himself at nearly 700 miles an hour some 25,000 feet above the English Channel, the impact with the rock-hard blackened rippled off his wrist watch, peeled off a shoe, blacked both his eyes and broke an arm, but Molland lived.

Molland's own report of his ball-out confirmed that he

was ejected at a speed well above that of sound, the Air Ministry revealed.

700 Miles An Hour

Hawker Hunter jet was diving steeply toward the sea, out of control, earlier this year, the Air Ministry said. Just before he ejected himself, Molland glanced at the instrument panel and noted that his machometer—speed indicator—was registering a speed one-tenth greater than that of sound. The speed was, in fact, almost 700 miles an hour.

Thus Molland travelled, for a split second after he flew from his plane, at a speed faster than sound and protected only by his flying suit.

He came down in the sea near Falmouth, on the East Anglian coast, and was picked up by a RAF rescue launch. The Air Ministry said.—United Press.

**Rita And Aly
 "Good Friends"**

New York, Nov. 11.

A young Negro convict once spared death begged for clemency again today saying he did not know an escape attempt would return him automatically to the Death Row.

Otis Neal Jackson Jr., now 20, was sentenced to die for raping a white woman at the age of 15 but won clemency because of his extreme youth at the time of the crime. The Pardon Board commuted the sentence to life in prison with the condition that it would be revoked if he should ever escape or attempt to escape.

At a road camp on October 20 he made a run for freedom and three days later he was recaptured and returned to "Death Row" at Raftord State Prison.

Mr Jackson wrote the Governor, Mr Leroy Collins, begging him not to let the Pardon Board reinstate the death sentence.

Prince Aly Khan left the building a quarter of an hour later.

Earlier, the film star had telephoned his respects to her former father-in-law, the Aga Khan.—France-Presse.

Nice, Nov. 11.

Prince Aly Khan said after a meeting with his former wife, Hollywood film star Rita Hayworth here today: "We have remained very good friends, and that is all."

He refused to discuss rumours of a re-coupling and took pains not to be photographed with Miss Hayworth, who later left for Paris by the Blue Train after 48 hours on the Riviera.

Their talk at Miss Hayworth's hotel lasted about 45 minutes. Afterwards, Miss Hayworth came out alone. She was cheered by a crowd which had gathered round the waiting pressmen.

"If I knew this, I would have stayed at the camp until my hair turned so grey it would've turned green," he said.—United Press.

Prince Aly Khan left the building a quarter of an hour later.

Earlier, the film star had telephoned his respects to her former father-in-law, the Aga Khan.—France-Presse.

POLS

Distillers of world-renowned Gins and Liqueurs

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BOLS

DAWSON'S BOLS

KING'S PRINCESS: EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

(Please note special showing times)

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M presents a production of "TOM & JERRY" etc.
Admission \$1.00, \$1.50
EMPIRE at 11.30 a.m.
"LURE OF THE WILDERNESS"
in Technicolor
at 11.30 a.m. \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS — TO-MORROW —
Extra Show At 12.10 p.m.

A Super Indian Production

Shyama Motilal & Paro

in "SAVIDHAAN"

Directed by Datta Dharmadhikari
7 Hit Songs — Regular Admission Prices

NEXT WEEK MURDER STORY "HOUSE 44"

KING'S TO-MORROW
BY POPULAR REQUEST

PRINCESS

★ TO-MORROW ★
BY POPULAR DEMAND

A LOVE STORY to touch the heart of every woman... to stir every man!

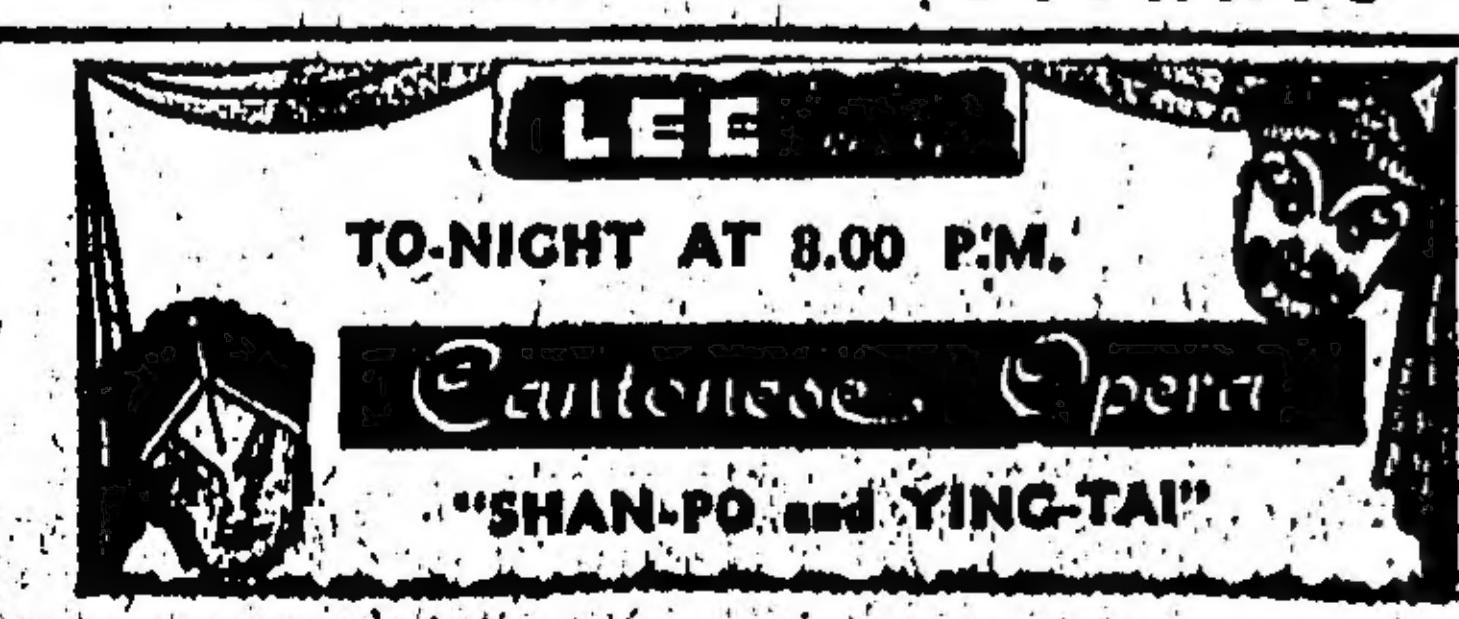
JOAN FONTAINE · JOSEPH COTTEN
HAL WALLIS' Production

September Affair

Also starring FRANCOISE ROSAY
JESSICA TARDY · ROBERT ARTHUR
Directed by WILLIAM DIETZLER · Story by Robert Thomas
A Paramount Picture

CAPITOL RITZ

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

Sunday Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
Glenn Ford in
"VIOLENT MEN"

Coward keeps his promise to "Mr. Oklahoma"

(FOR ONE DAY'S WORK—A USEFUL CHEQUE)

DAVID LEWIN'S SHOW SPECIAL

MR NOEL COWARD and Sir John Gielgud appeared as "bit" players in a 4,000,000-dollar film of "Round the World in 80 Days."

Their scene at Elstree studios was watched by Clifton Webb, Paul Douglas, Peter Ustinov, S. J. Perelman, the American humorist who is writing the script; and the producer of the film (the man with the four million dollars) — Michael Todd.

Noel Coward promised Todd he would act as a bit player when he saw "Oklahoma," which Todd has made in a new and enormous wide screen style. Todd, an active little man in a black shirt and grey trousers, then persuaded Sir John Gielgud to act in the scene with Coward.



The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

KING'S and **PRINCESS**: "Strategic Air Command". A Hollywood version of America's policy of preserving the peace by building up a strong long-range bomber force. James Stewart and June Allyson.
HOOVER and **LIBERTY**: "The Blackboard Jungle". The most controversial film since "On the Waterfront" gives a frightening picture of juvenile delinquency in American schools and of the sometimes inadequate mental ability of schoolmasters to deal with it. Glenn Ford and Louis Calhern.
NEW YORK and **GREAT WORLD**: "Pearl of the South Pacific". One woman and two men search for pearls hidden on a South Sea Island Utopia. Virginia Mayo, Derek Morgan and David Farrar.
QUEEN'S and **ALHAMBRA**: "Land of the Pharaohs". Mostly spectacle, thousands of extras chipping away at one of the pyramids, and shots of Joan Collins dressed in as little as the censor would allow. Jack Hawkins and Dewey Martin.
ROXY and **BROADWAY**: "Love is a Many Splendoured Thing". Han Suy-in poured all her private thoughts and actions into the book, and Hollywood has given them an even wider public by putting them on celluloid. William Holden and Jennifer Jones.

COMING

EMPIRE, **KING'S** and **PRINCESS**: "Immediate Disaster". A visitor from Venus comes down to earth to warn us of the dire results of the atom and hydrogen bomb experiments. Patricia Neal, Helmut Dantine and Derek Bond.
HOOVER and **LIBERTY**: "Moonfleet". Smuggling and piracy along the English Channel coast in the 18th century. Stewart Granger, Joan Greenwood and Vivien Lindfors.
KINGS and **PRINCESS**: "Ain't Misbehavin'". A musical romance about a chorus girl and a millionaire. Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie, Jack Carson and Mamie Van Doren.
"Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy". Fun and games around the tombs of ancient Egypt. With Magie Windsor and Peggy King.
NEW YORK and **GREAT WORLD**: "The White Orchid". Romantic adventure on a trip to find a lost tribe in Mexico. William Lundigan and Peggie Castle.
QUEEN'S and **ALHAMBRA**: "Heidi". A little Swiss girl's attempt to find out whether her happiness lies in the town or the country.
ROXY and **BROADWAY**: "Left Hand of God". A Roman Catholic father and the wife of a doctor have their own problems to sort out in troubled China. Humphrey Bogart and Gene Tierney.

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd MAGNIFICENT WEEK
ACCLAIMED BY 72,000 PATRONS

NOW SHOWING AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HAN SUYIN'S IMMORTAL LOVE STORY

20th Century-Fox presents

WILLIAM JENNIFER HOLDEN · JONES

FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG

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In the WONDER of 4-Track HIGH-FIDELITY, STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND!

FILMED IN HONG KONG!

• TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS •

AT 12.00 NOON

ROXY A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Presented by 20th Century-Fox

BROADWAY A SPECIAL PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Presented by 20th Century-Fox & M.G.M.

— Reduced Admission —

ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70c.

TEARS (1)

SIR JOHN GIELGUD opened the scene by crying softly into his gloves. "Stop beating your breast, Foster," said Coward, acting the scene. . . And they both burst out laughing when they looked at one another's faces.

They did the scene again.

And again "I feel like a tea cosy with this wig on," said Coward. Clifton Webb came up and said: "You were never prettier, Noel."

Todd came back from his telephone.

He said to Gielgud: "I once hired a yacht in the South of France — a princess's yacht — to go for a cruise. I stopped off to make a phone call, and I never did make that cruise."

Gielgud looked sympathetic. Todd turned to Webb and said: "I've got Sir John here to show what an eminent Shakespearean actor can do in the other world of culture."

Gielgud and Coward went back to playing their comedy scene. S. J. Perelman came up and explained how he got involved in "Round the World in 80 Days."

TEARS (2)

PERELMAN is a slight man with a quiet voice and a pair of very small steel-rimmed spectacles. He said: "I was in New York unceasingly dozing over my typewriter, anticipating no trouble at all, when I got a call to come to Hollywood and write the script. I thought it was the usual thing, so I packed a spare collar and two extra socks and went off."

"I stayed weeks on the job while Todd flew round the world several times. There was a showing of 'Oklahoma' one night. Noel

Coward was there. He was impressed and moved by it. You could tell he was moved. Tears the size of grapes were coming down his furrowed cheeks."

Coward and Gielgud went through their five-minute dialogue scene again. Between takes an assistant carefully repainted Mr. Coward's nails.

The camera reveals everything in the Todd system.

Todd came up and suggested lunch. Two tables were pulled together in the restaurant, and Coward, Gielgud, Webb, Ustinov, and Todd, crowded together, were joined by Cantinflas, the Mexican bulldogger, actor and clown, who plays a leading part in the picture.

Coward suddenly said: "I think we should play the thought game and concentrate on our secret thoughts."

Clifton Webb said: "That could make this develop into a rather nasty little table."

NO WASTE

THe group at the table stood up and went back to the set. Michael Todd looked up at the clear blue afternoon sky and groaned: "We're shooting inside and there is all this wonderful sky going to waste."

Sir John Gielgud looked at Todd and said: "I'm sure you would never waste a sky, Mike. You would never waste a sky."

By evening Gielgud and Coward finished their bit part and their day's work. They would be paid more than £2,000 between them for doing it.

Film Critic On Leave

Miss Jane Roberts, the China Mail film critic, is on leave this week.

That is why there are no film reviews today.

But she will be back again next week with her popular Saturday column "Films, Current and Coming."

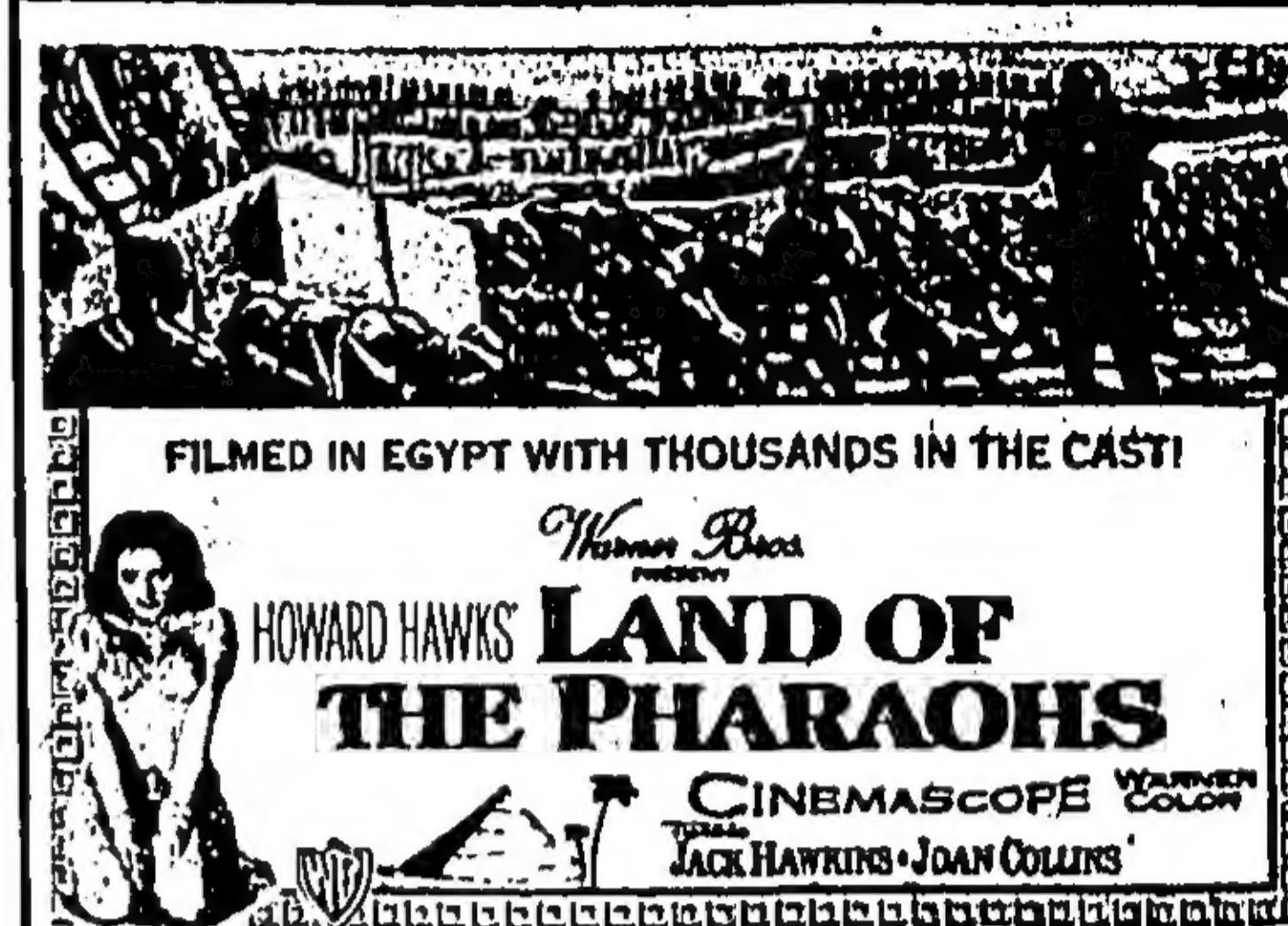
QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA
SHOWS TOMORROW
"Land of the Pharaohs"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY



ETERNA presents

! "THE PULSE OF TIME"

HOOVER : LIBERTY

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NOW PLAYING 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



M-G-M's DRAMA OF THE TEEN-AGE TERROR!
SHOCKING...RUTHLESS...
Most discussed picture of 1955!

Glenn FORD

Anne FRANCIS · Louis CALHERN
with MARGARET HAYES

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For Teachers & Students Reduced Adm. \$1.50

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

Hoover at 12.00 noon Liberty at 12.30 p.m.

"TOAST OF NEW ORLEANS" with Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza

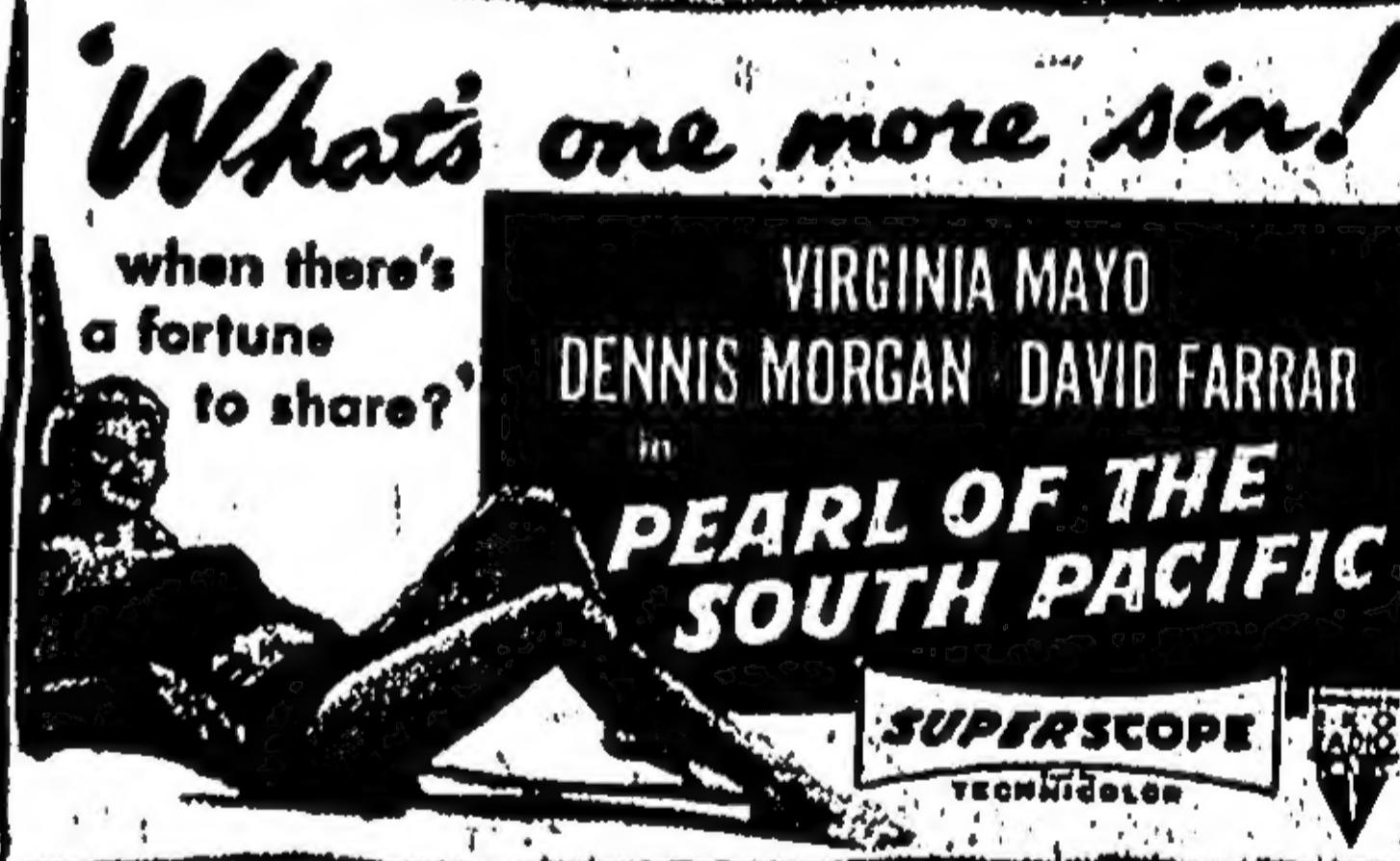
"THE STUDENT PRINCE" with Ann Blyth and Edmund Purdom

NEW YORK · GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 78721 KOWLOON TEL 53300

♦ SHOWING TO-DAY ♦

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

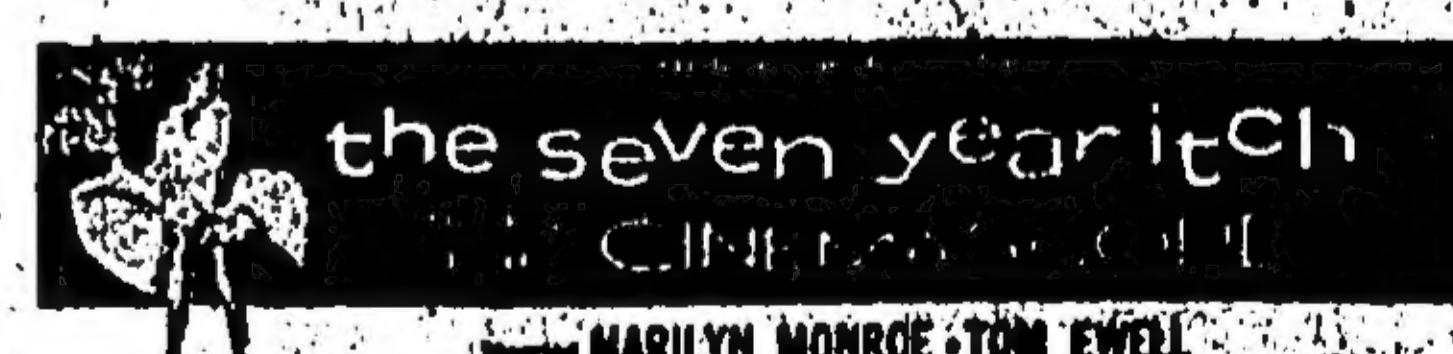


SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
New York: Walt Disney Technicolor Cartoons
Great World: 3 Stooges, Comedy & Technicolor Cartoons

ORIENTAL

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

4-Track, High Fidelity, Directional Stereophonic Sound!

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"SITTING BULL" CinemaScope, New Eastman Color

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Hunters Told: 'Don't Shoot'

CRANES THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION

Calgary. Hunters in the southern areas of Saskatchewan, western Manitoba and eastern Alberta have been asked to keep a sharp eye out for whooping cranes.

"It's a large and white bird, don't shoot," the Autobird Society of Canada asks. "It might be a whooping crane."

The annual migration of the crane, Canada's rarest bird, has already started from the Northwest Territories and northwestern Saskatchewan to the winter haven along the Texas coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

About 25 of the birds are only a step from extinction and are expected to be winging south on the 2,500-mile migration route. The last of the stragglers won't arrive at their destination until November.

Critical Period

The society says this migration period is the critical one for the whooping crane. This is the time when trigger-happy people among the ranks of the prairies' wild-fowl hunters fire away at anything that flies.

The whooping crane stands four feet tall, and has a wing span of more than seven feet. This year, for the first time, its exact breeding grounds were found in the remote wilderness areas where it spends its summers.

Since 1939 about 80 cranes have been taken into the safety of the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge in Texas. In the same period 50 birds were lost, mostly to careless hunters.

Last autumn, a record 21 birds made the flight from the Northwest Territories to Texas, but not a single newborn crane succeeded in completing the trip. The five birds born this summer may suffer the same fate, the society says, unless hunters know what they're shooting.—United Press.

MAJESTIC

TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

On Our New Stereo Screen



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
MARTIN & LEWIS
In
"THE STOOGE"

From Paris: *The Famous Champs Elysees Is To Get A Face Lift.*

From Halifax: *An Old Man Says Painting Is One Of The Best Pain Killers.*

Scientists "Hunt" For Humpback Whales With Small Darts.

Bird Lovers' Bid To Save Cranes From The Hunters' Bullets.

NO PEACE FOR HUMPBACK WHALES THIS SUMMER

Wellington. From their breeding grounds off Samoa, the Cook Island, New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, 60-ton humpback whales are now making their annual trek south to the Antarctic.

Although the whaling season is over, the 3,000-odd mile journey down south will not be entirely peaceful for the whales. They will be subjected to one of the most intensive scientific hunts their species has ever undergone.

Men of several nationalities, armed with strengthened shot guns and 10-inch long marker darts, hope this season to mark up to 450 humpback whales.

The planning has been largely done by Mr W. H. I. Dawbin, zoologist at Victoria University College, Wellington, and well-known as a research scientist on humpback whales, and the cost of

As each dart is fired, an entry is made and forwarded to Mr Dawbin in Wellington. Later this year full reports of all markings will come in.

The record to date is held by Tory Channel whaling station, Marlborough

Sounds, New Zealand, where the Perano Brothers' harpooners have so far marked more than 60 whales.

Travelling at intervals in the last four years through the islands and to whaling stations, Mr Dawbin has prepared his teams. Armed with fast launches and the special shot guns, they will fire the steel darts into the fleshly backs of the younger whales. Each dart is individually numbered. Each carries on its shaft these words, "Reward for return to Discovery, Admiralty, London."

One Return... So Far

"We do not even know if separate groups return each summer to the same breeding ground. We don't know to what part of the ocean they go or where they return."

"The most important part of the work is the marking going on in the islands group," said Mr Dawbin. "This is the first time that any type of whale has been marked in their tropical breeding grounds in such a number of localities.

"This winter and spring many different people in the islands have done, without payment, a great deal of important work similar to that done by

the Peranos in Cook Strait.

"In the French possessions, the French Institute of Oceania is marking whales from their research vessel, the Tongan Government is working with its fisheries ship and in the New Hebrides a private firm, Cook Brothers, are working from their trading vessels.

Finding Answers

"Very little is known about the humpback whale in the Pacific and indeed about any whale," said Mr Dawbin.

"We do not even know if separate groups return each summer to the same breeding ground. We don't know to what part of the ocean they go or where they return."

It was to find the answer to these and other questions that the marking was being carried out, he said. —China Mail Special.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"This sorority needs an investigating committee—some of the blind dates this selector have been awful squares!"

An Old Man Paints To Forget His Pain

Halifax, Nova Scotia. Harry Ironside, a 73-year-old veteran of the Boer War, believes painting as a hobby is one of the best pain-killers.

White-haired and emaciated, Ironside speaks with painful experience. He is slowly dying of cancer of the stomach. Doctors say he is too frail to survive an operation.

"I've been" painting as a hobby for quite a few years," he said in an interview at his home where he is now bedridden. "But since they found I had cancer 18 months ago I've really concentrated on it."

"I do it now to occupy my mind. And it works, I forget pain once I get engrossed in the painting," he said.

Met Churchill

Mr Ironside was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was in South Africa with his father, a civil engineer, when the Boer War broke out. The young Scotman joined an English regiment and saw action in several skirmishes with the Boers.

He said his most vivid memory of that war was when

he was at a small upcountry railway station as a coal train drew in. "Somebody who looked like a negro climbed out on one of the coal cars," he said. "But he turned out to be Winston Churchill. He had hopped aboard the train during his escape from the Boers."

Mr Ironside went to war again in 1914, with the King's Own Scottish Borderers. He was in the ill-fated landing at Gallipoli in 1915. "Those Turks were terrible," he recollects. "I'm glad they're now allied to us. They make terrible soldiers."

Not For Sale

He came to Canada in 1931, but although the country was in the depths of the depression he said he always found work. During the last war he was in the Veterans' Guard at Kitchener, Ontario, and later recruited mechanics for the naval dockyard. He married 40 years ago and he and his wife now live on their pensions and take a few boarders.

"I don't sell any paintings," Mr Ironside said. "Everybody should have a hobby, and this one is a real painkiller as it takes so much concentration." —United Press.

Where Grass Grows A Foot A Day

Vancouver, B.C. The administrator of one of the world's most primitive and largest territories is trying to sell the wonders of his land to North American tourists.

He is Mr F. J. S. Wise, administrator of Australia's wild and rugged Northern Territory where the grass grows a foot a day to a height of 15 feet during the wet season.

Mr Wise said his territory is a great and lonely one and the surface of development there has only been scratched.

Before accepting the administrator's job four years ago, Mr Wise was Premier of Western Australia.

"The 523,620 square miles of Australia's Northern Territory is a hunter's and tourist's paradise, he said during a visit here.

Huge Buffalo Herds

"Huge herds of wild buffaloes in the interior, crocodiles swim in the rivers and creeks and great flocks of ducks and wild geese crowd the coastal lakes and lagoons."

"Professional shooters market about 6,000 buffalo skins a year, but you could take 20,000 and not leave a mark on numbers."

Mr Wise said that "In the rainy season—or 'The Wet' as we call it—the grass grows a foot a day to 10 or 15 feet high. You can literally see it grow."

Mr Wise said nomadic tribes of aborigines, still the world's most primitive race, roam the interior of the Northern Territory and mounted native troopers have tracked criminals across hundreds of miles of wild country on horseback.

Mr Wise, who is on a round-the-world trip, will visit the south-eastern United States, south-west Africa, Mozambique and Tanganyika to study development problems similar to those of the Northern Territory.—United Press.

RINGS
you will
always treasure

ENGAGEMENT rings
WEDDING rings

ETERNITY rings
SIGNET rings

Ground Floor —

Lake, Crawford's

X'MAS GIFTS
for
HOME FOLKS

TO ENSURE DELIVERY IN TIME
FOR CHRISTMAS, SEND YOUR GIFT
PARCELS NOW!

Take Advantage of our
SALE

Paris.

The Champs Elysees is having its face lifted.

The broad, tree-lined avenue, known all over the world for its elegance, is in for a series of refurbishments which will take years off its age, experts say, and confirm its claim to being the most beautiful boulevard in the world.

The thousands of picturesque—but dim—gas lights once likened to a "river of diamonds on the neck of a lovely woman" will be supplemented by 2,000 electric globes, capable of giving out rose, blue or white lights according to the desires of the city fathers.

The gas lights will not be removed but will be in the future an ornamental addition to the lights whose job it will be to illuminate.

Workers are already engaged in turning the Champs Elysees subway station into the most elegant one of its kind in the world.

When completed the Metro "Franklin D. Roosevelt" will have a huge mezzanine over 140 feet long in which the leading stores of the Champs Elysees will expose their wares.

And along the platforms will be other display cases, each of which will be fashioned on the planing of an old master.

At the Rond Point du Champs Elysees where fountains and ornate flower designs delight the eyes of the summer tourist, two city houses once owned by the Duke de Morny, half brother to Napoleon III, are being completely renovated.—United Press.

Heavy Brocade Silks, Ladies Evening Jackets @ \$45.65— \$20—

Pure Satin Slips \$27.50 \$18.50

Pure Heavy Crepe Silk \$32— \$24—

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



RELAXING from a busy round of Royal duties, Queen Elizabeth went on a shooting party at the Perthshire estate of her cousin, the Master of Elphinstone. The Queen is shown here in the front rank of the party at the end of the day's shoot. On her right is the Master of Elphinstone; on her left Lady Dalhousie. (Express)



THE Duke of Edinburgh with members of York Corporation on their way to York Minister, where he unveiled a memorial to fallen RAF officers and men. The Duke earlier visited the British Railways Carriage Works, escorted by the Mayor, Alderman Fred Brown. (Express)



THESE three cute youngsters will appear as the youngest triplets in the 1956 edition of Debrett's, British guide book to who's who among the blue bloods. Mark, Sean and Patrick Armstrong are one year old, and their pedigree goes back to the 16th century, when their ancestor, John Armstrong, was the most famous leader of the clans who crossed the Border to raid the English. (Express)



KEENLY interested as Dr R. H. Girdwood, of Edinburgh University, conducts an experiment is Professor L. G. Bogomolova, Soviet woman scientist visiting Britain. She is a Professor at the Leningrad Institute of Blood Transfusion. (Express)



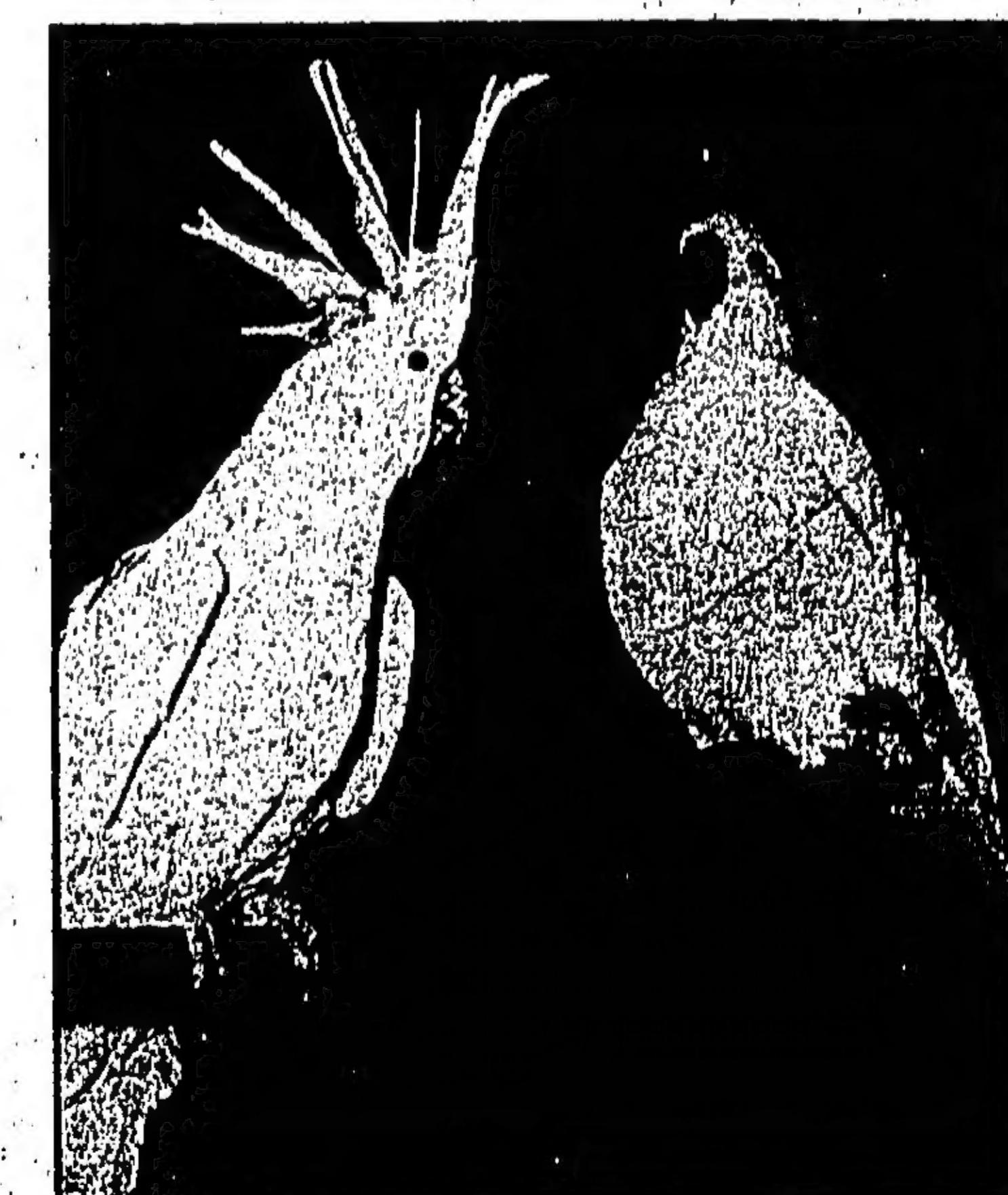
ON an average, you turn over in bed seven times during a night's sleep. Now a 34-year-old English inventor, Mr P. F. W. Fanganel, of Harlow, Essex, has produced a machine which gauges the effect of this restlessness on spring mattresses. Metal "bodies" turn over automatically, and the machine is kept going for 60 hours, which approximates 10 years' wear for the mattress. (Express)



THE grey, grim port of Liverpool is not the most romantic background for a proposal of love. Nevertheless, it was in Liverpool that Italian opera stars Andrea Mineo, 27, and Maria Grazia Ciferrri, 23, became engaged. Andrea proposed as the curtain was falling on the third act of "Rigoletto." They are drinking to their future. (Express)



CHEERFUL smiles from members of the Pleasington, Lancashire, soccer team as they lie on their beds while donating blood for their manager, Cuthbert Turner, 63, who had both legs crushed in a works accident. The whole team turned out for the gift of blood, made at Blackburn Infirmary. (Express)



CHARLIE, Australian cockatoo (left), is considered to be the most talkative bird of his kind to have been taken care of at the London Zoo. Non-stop, so they say—but no impolite words, though. Prince Charles was visiting the Zoo one afternoon when Charlie yelled, "Hello, Charlie!" Starting back, the young Prince pronounced solemnly, "I didn't really think cockatoos could talk properly." (Express)



THEY have 60 years' Army service between them. Warrant Officer I Alexander Burton (left), Royal Tank Regiment, who has been in the Army since 1919, poses with Warrant Officer I Charles Whitcomb, Royal Army Service Corps, 1914-1945. Burton is a Yorkshireman from Thirsk, and Whitcomb is a Lancastrian from Accrington. (Army Service)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED CHOCOLATES



"It's no use, Butler, my boy, you'll never stop 'em spending if you're going to knock purchase tax OFF certain commodities."

London Express Service

HALF-FORGOTTEN HEROES... THIRD WEEK

THE KING OF LAMPEDUSA

THE date was June 12, 1943, and if your name was Admiral Harcourt, Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy, you were commanding Force 1, four cruisers and six destroyers from the bridge of the Newfoundland as they loosed broadsides into Mussolini's fortified island of Lampedusa.

If your name was Captain di Vincenzo Bernadini, Military Commander of Lampedusa, your head was aching from the thunder of shells and the 280 tons of bombs plummeting down from warplanes of the North African Air Force. Their explosions seemed to lift up the island and shake it.

And if you were Sydney Cohen, a sergeant-pilot in the Royal Air Force, you were taking off from Hal Far, Malta, in your Swordfish P for Percy to search for a Luftwaffe pilot reported adrift in his rubber dinghy.

For the great Allied assault on Hitler's "Fortress Europe" had begun; the German Army in North Africa had surrendered a month earlier and Operation "Husky," the attack on Sicily, was planned for July 10.

But first of all the twin islands of Pantelleria and Lampedusa had to be captured. Rocky and volcanic they were Mussolini's own "Malta," bristling with anti-aircraft guns and coastal batteries and well equipped with underground hangars for aircraft.

Softening-up

THE Royal Navy's Force L had captured Pantelleria the day before (June 11) after a fantastic air bombardment; and that night Rear-Admiral Harcourt had taken the cruisers Newfoundland, Aurora, Orion and Penelope, and the destroyers Laforey, Jervis, Queen Olga, Loyal, Lookout and Nubian on to Lampedusa to start the softening-up process.

At 10.45 p.m. every gun in Force L fired ten rounds, but Lampedusa did not react. Harcourt ordered Penelope (better known as the splinter holes gained in her gallant actions against the Luftwaffe earlier in the war) and Newfoundland to fire another ten rounds each. Again there was no reply from the Italians.

Lampedusa, seven miles long and two miles wide, scattered with wild olive growing on the almost bare rock, was having a bad time. The Italian commander was later to report on the bombing and shelling: "Even worse was the effect on the troops of the contact with the civilians, who were for the most part women and children,

By Dudley Pope

LUCK was out

ADMIRAL Harcourt, seeing no sign of surrender, decided to stand off and see what another heavy air bombardment would do to the Italians' determination to fight on.

Meanwhile, Sergeant Cohen had taken off from Malta in P Percy at 11 a.m. His Swordfish was one of a motley squadron of aircraft, including Beaufights and Wellingtons, whose task was Air Sea Rescue and Communications.

The haze made visibility bad, and Cohen's luck was out. His compass went wrong and he soon found that his fuel—enough for seven hours flying—was running out. And he was a long, long way from Malta.

Not far away, however, he could see an island—probably Lampedusa. Bomb smoke spread

like thick mist across its potted fare and more explosions erupting every few minutes showed the North African Air Force was still at work.

Cohen, then aged 22 and in civilian life a tailor's cutter in Stoke Newington (where the Luftwaffe had smashed the flat he shared with his sister), decided he would have to land on the island.

And his Scottish navigator, Sergeant Peter Tait, of Falkirk, and the wireless operator-aerogunner, Sergeant Wright of Bournemouth, watched with some interest as Cohen put the Swordfish's nose down.

Describing the events which followed, Cohen said later:

"I touched down on a rather bumpy landing field. There were a few burnt-out aircraft on it and also a burnt-out hangar. I was not sure that it was Lampedusa, but somehow we thought it must be."

"Suddenly we saw two white sheets being waved by figures at the edge of the airfield, and two Italian officers and a civilian came across to the aircraft.

"The leader of the delegation was wearing a Tyrolean hat with a large plume. He burst into voluble Italian. One member of the crew understood Italian and told me that the man was trying to surrender the island to us.

"Although I was surprised I asked to see the commandant of the island, and I was taken to a dug-out and presented to a high-ranking naval officer.

"Several other officers joined us but suddenly everybody dashed in from the roof and we were told that an air raid was starting. There was no sound of gunfire or bombs and I thought that their nerves were getting a bit ragged.

"We followed them down stairs to the operation room 75 feet below ground and I tried to explain to them there that I was not an Allied emissary. They asked me then to return to Malta and take with me their offer to surrender.

"The Commandant gave me a scrap of paper with his signature and we decided to take off for Tunisia.

"Before we could leave Allied bombers appeared and gave the island another pasting. Eventually we took off and set out for Tunisia."

"We landed near Sousse and to an American camp, where we handed over the surrender chit."

"Although Lampedusa had surrendered to Hal Far's ancient Swordfish and earned Cohen the title of 'The King of Lampedusa,' the official surrender was yet to come."

"During another bombardment by Penelope and Jervis at 6 p.m. the same day after Cohen had taken off from the island



Sgt. Sydney Cohen

and headed for Sousse—white flags were seen on the island. A landing craft—LCI 161, with a company of the Coldstream Guards aboard—was ordered to close the island. The Guardsmen had had an uncomfortable time as the LCI sailed up and down all day waiting to land on the island.

As soon as the white flags were reported Admiral Harcourt ordered the destroyer Lookout to send in an officer in a boat to present the terms and conditions of surrender. At 7.44 p.m. the commanding officer of Lookout reported the surrender had been accepted. And the second-in-command, the Governor being half-an-hour's walk inland, Lookout remained behind while Admiral Harcourt took Newfoundland and others of his force on to the next objective—the island of Linosa, the remaining link in the chain of islands. Mussolini was confident he would effectively cut the Mediterranean in half.

Note: Sydney Cohen was reported missing on August 27, 1946. He was flying a twin-engine R.A.F. transport aircraft from Marseilles to St Mawgan Airfield, Cornwall. By then promoted to Warrant Officer, he was flying home to be demobilised.

(COPRIGHT)

NEXT SATURDAY
The Gladiators Of Losjaskog.

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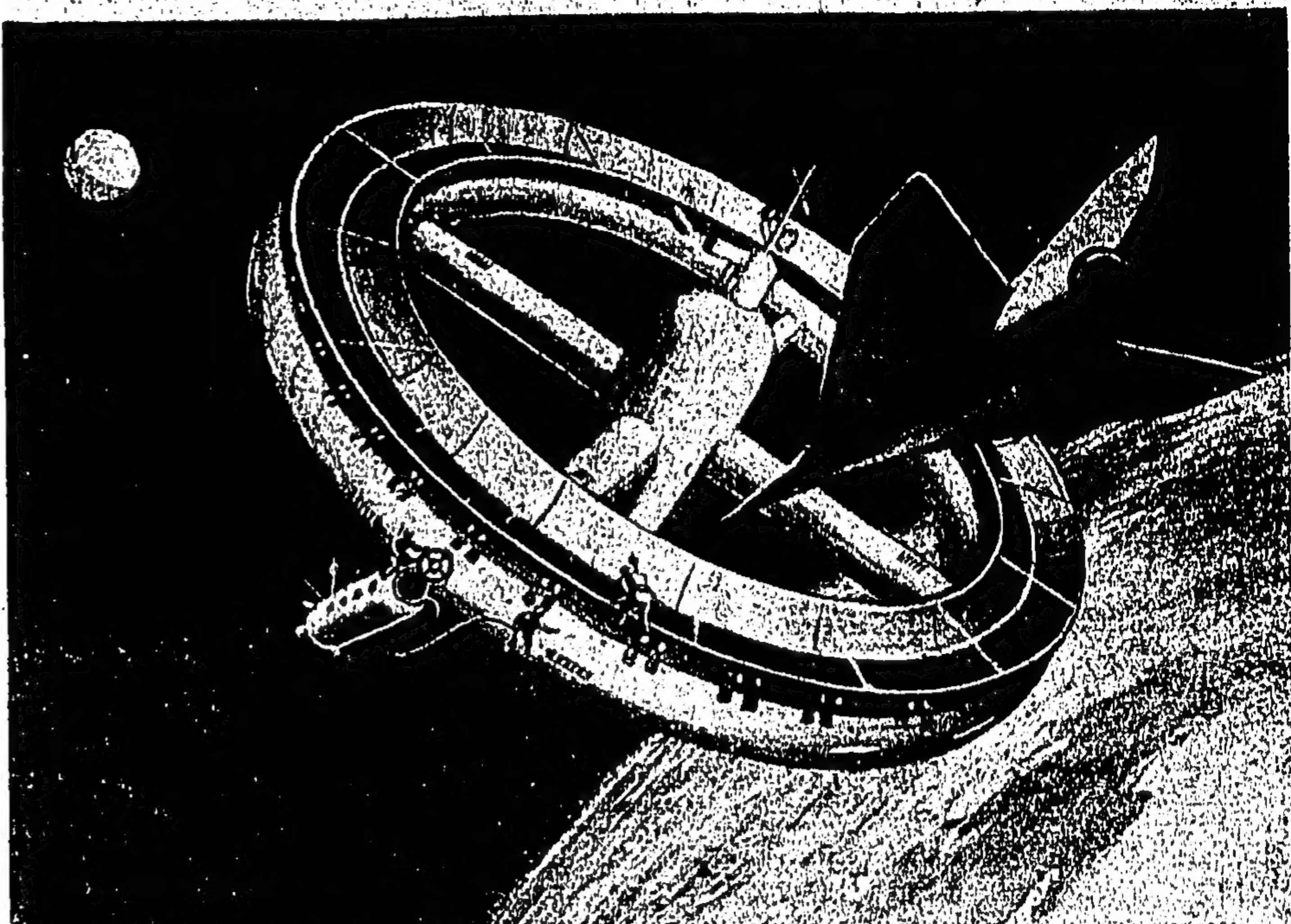
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The CHINA MAIL presents a fascinating new series—the exciting facts behind THE GREATEST NEWS OF THE YEAR

OUT THERE!

In this year, 1955, Man takes a sudden surge forward on his greatest adventure—the exploration of the Universe. What will he find as he sets out into the unknown? Will he meet other beings out there in the limitless space? Now when the more imaginative astronauts look at the sky they see the stars as leaders of planets that may be habitable, if not already inhabited.

But can we find a way to visit them? Today men in many parts of the world are grappling with the problems that must be overcome on mankind's JOURNEY TO THE STARS. They are building the first machines to lead the onslaught on space. And today the China Mail leads off with an up-to-the-minute assessment from the top experts on the prospect before us...



'MAN WILL LIVE IN A BUBBLE ON A TRAPEZE OF SPEED'

SPACE enthusiasts like to compare the present period with the era just before Columbus, when Europeans were about to vault the Atlantic. The comparison is not exact.

Columbus did not know what he would find across the ocean, but he did have ships that would take him there. The space men know a great deal about what lies beyond the atmosphere, but at present they have no effective ships.

They are like a Columbus who can see from the mountains of Spain the continents of North and South Africa, but who has only a rowing boat to carry him across the Atlantic.

What is our immediate hope for invading space? The answer lies in rockets. Yet so new are practical rockets that the man who is responsible for a large part of their development is today only 43 years old.

He is Hitler's V2 expert, Dr Werner von Braun, and he works today on guided missiles in the vast arsenal of U.S. Army Ordnance that dominates Huntsville, Alabama.

by JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD

Von Braun is more than a rocketeer; he is also something of a prophet and something of a mystic.

To carry man into space, says von Braun, a fleet of three-stage rockets will have to be built. They will each weigh 7,000 tons when loaded with fuel and stand 240 ft. high. This is some 40 times less than the weight of a modern light aircraft. The 51 rocket motors in the first stage will have a combined thrust of 14,000 tons which is equivalent to the thrust of 6,000 of the jet engines that are used in modern fighters.

High Up

Von Braun's rocket rises in a curve until it attains the altitude of 219 miles. At this point it is moving almost horizontally at a speed of 146 miles per second or 5,250 miles per hour.

The motor will fire for 80 seconds, burning 250 tons of fuel, then the first stage of the

rocket, empty and exhausted, falls back toward earth. The second stage then separates and continues to climb gradually keeping within the outer fringes of the atmosphere where steering is still possible.

After 124 seconds of powered flight, it has reached the altitude of 40 miles and is moving at 14,304 miles per hour. The winged third stage uses its motors for 84 seconds, reaching an altitude of 93.3 miles and a speed of 18,408 miles per hour.

The motors are cut off before fuel supply is wholly exhausted. The rocket's speed is then sufficient to place it on an elliptical orbit that rises higher and higher above the surface of the earth. During this rise, the pull of the earth's gravitation reduces the speed of the rocket.

When it has reached the altitude of 1,075 miles above the surface it is moving only 14,770 miles per hour. This condition is unstable. The rocket is unstable. The rocket's motors for 15 seconds, increasing its speed to 15,849 miles per hour.

This is the critical speed needed to keep the ship in a circular orbit 1,075 miles above the surface of the earth.

Then the men can relax, if they are in a mood to do so. Their unpowered ship will cruise for ever round and round the earth like a small moon.

Probably the crew men will not feel like relaxation; the worst part of their trip still lies ahead. They will unload their cargo (sections of a satellite station) and park it in space.

It will not fall, of course, or fall behind. If not pushed out of the rocket too hard, it will follow obediently from the orbit.

It is almost certain that the crew will have carried into space a collection of rabbits' feet. St Christopher medals, and other magic talismans from the pre-technological past. These will be invoked at that terrible moment when the rocket starts down again towards the earth.

The earth below will look peaceful enough. The men will see

whole countries and continents, mottled with green and brown and flecked with the bright white of clouds. They may follow the shore lines and search for familiar places where they once lived, but each man will realise clearly that a frightful ordeal lies between him and the peaceful surface.

Most of the energy generated by the combustion of 7,000 tons of fuel has been packed in the form of speed and altitude in their small rocket, and this must all be dissipated before it can come to rest. If the ship were to plunge directly down toward the earth, friction with the air would turn it into a fireball.

Von Braun admits that careful manoeuvring will be required to avoid this eventually. His third-stage rocket has strong, small flywheels spinning in its innards; these will point its nose in the direction of the desired orbit. When the heading is correct they will turn on the rocket's motors for 15 seconds, increasing its speed to 15,849 miles per hour.

To start this difficult manoeuvre, the men in the

THE FLOATING ISLAND IN THE SKY

Space Artist R. A. Smith brings to life one plan for a manned satellite circling 1,000 miles up. A ferry tender transfers to the satellite a relief crew just arrived by rocket from earth.

Von Braun figures that about 15 trips from the surface of the earth will be needed to carry up all the parts of a permanent satellite station to it.

It will be a strange habitation, the 'trapeze bubble' in space suspended against gravitation on a swinging trapeze of speed.

All conditions on board will be novel.

Drinking water must be recycled; the vapour that comes from human lungs and human perspiration will be condensed and purified for re-use. Even friendly gravitation will be totally absent unless created artificially.

Lack of gravitation will have strange effects on life and housekeeping on the satellite. Liquids, for instance, will not flow through pipes unless they are pushed by positive pressure.

A Bubble

Around the earth the rocket will coast, but meteor, part airplane. As its speed diminishes it can safely venture into thicker air. At last its speed will diminish to that of a normal airplane.

No object will remain in place unless it is fastened firmly. A slight push exerted against a large piece of equipment will send it moving slowly but steadily to the far end of the room. The air will not circulate by means of convection currents, for warm air will not be lighter than cold air.

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The most bizarre effect of lack of gravitation will be on the crew themselves.

The crew will have to move around by pulling themselves carefully from handhold to handhold.

At first they may enjoy this sensation of floating through the air, as in space we do, but soon they will learn that free floating is hard on both bodies and equipment.

They can sleep anywhere of course; their bodies will not feel the hardest surface beneath them. But they will not enjoy this sleeping on air that is softer than the fluffiest mattress.

As soon as they are asleep, the jet effect of the breath from their nostrils will propel them across the room until their heads fetch up against a solid wall.

They will learn to prefer bunks, where restraining straps will protect them from involuntary sleep-floating.

Free Floating

The reasons that make the wheel popular are the need for an artificial gravity and a light, strong structure which can stand pressure of an internal, artificial atmosphere.

SEALED OFF

This type of satellite will be intended as a permanent station, and as such will undoubtedly be punctured by meteors at long intervals.

The wheel can be divided by bulkheads, any section being easily sealed off in the event of damage.

CAVE MAN—1955 STYLE

By NORMAN LINDHURST

Heidelberg.

SEVENTY - three - year - old Adolph Ellerbrook has prepared for the hydrogen bomb in a way many persons might well envy—he has moved into a cave.

Not only does Ellerbrook believe he is immune to war—he is also immune to taxes and unemployment. Literally, he is as free and independent as any man can hope to be in this age.

On the heights of a mountain crest Adolph Ellerbrook started digging his cave home in 1932.

He has built a large reservoir that catches rainwater, which he uses on the garden during dry spells. Drinking water is obtained from cold, clear spring near the cave. He has dug the first 45 feet of a 70-foot well, and the cave has a bomb cellar large enough to accommodate himself, his wife and daughter Ute.

During World War Two, when bombs rained on the heads of the villagers below, the Eller-

brook sat or dozed comfortably in the deepest part of the cave. But no bombs ever fell close to the isolated retreat.

The Ellerbrooks—all three—are vegetarians. "None of us has ever been sick because we never eat the flesh of dead animals. We have never needed medical attention, vaccinations and shots, or any kind of medicine. Our medicine is the raw fruit and vegetables we eat," said the elder.

With a satellite just above the earth, about

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Ellerbrook was an architectural student in Hamburg at the age of 18. There he saw animals being killed for food. He lost his appetite for meat because he believes that every animal has the right to live, not because he believes a vegetarian diet healthier.

None of the family of three drinks liquor or smokes, or stays up after dark.

There is no hurrying about the simple, wholesome life they lead. Ellerbrook has never been sorry that he moved into the cave the year that the Nazis came to power.

In his mountain retreat, no one bothers him. He is far removed from all talk of war and the hubbub of everyday living in the villages and towns below.

The view is excellent and the air clear on the lofty mountain top, and he often scans the valley below through a powerful pair of binoculars.

Ellerbrook did not marry until he was 50, when he found a vegetarian soulmate. True to his dislike for doctors and medicines, he himself acted as midwife when his daughter was born. A vigorous worker, Ellerbrook has also made (by hand) most of the furniture in the cave.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

NO SOUND

As the refuelling hose is drawn in, small control jets round the tail and nose of the rocket bring it into correct line with the planned course.

A rush of flame hundreds of feet long shoots away from the tail.

There is no sound, for in space there is no air to carry it.

The rocket starts slowly forward, gathering speed rapidly until a matter of seconds only a small speck of light can be seen.

The first man is on his way to the Moon.

NEXT SATURDAY:

What lies beyond the Moon?

Mr Leonard's article is adopted from "Flight into Space" (Scribner, Jackson, 12s. 6d.)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

HERE YOU ARE, TWO MILLION IN CASH FOR FORTY PERCENT INTEREST IN RUTH, THE WORLD'S FIRST REAL ELECTRONIC ROBOT!

POOR RUTH, I PUT HER HEAD ON BACKWARD AFTER I OILED HER. WE'LL START BUILDING A FACTORY TOMORROW--TO MAKE THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS!

THEY CAN BE MADE IN ALL TYPES OF MODELS--ALL SIZES--FOR ANY KIND OF JOB--OKAY, BOYS, COME AND GET THE CASE!

WAIT, I WANT HER LEFT RIGHT HERE IN MY OFFICE!

EVEN MAGICIANS CAN'T BEAT CARLSBERG

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There is no sound, for in

The OTHER exile just waits . . . and waits

Once it was Seretse Khama AND the Kabaka.
Now only Seretse is left. Has the ending of one
exile brought any hope to the man who waits in
a Tudor home in Croydon?

THE 1936 Tudor house in the autumn-yellowed avenue in Croydon is the sort of house a man might retire to after a long, busy life. Its black beams and leaded windows may now be dismissed as unworthy imitation but they express solid comfort and the warm nostalgia of the English for Elizabethan times. Strange to find its owner, then, a man not retired to dream of Tudor times but an exile. A man of a different race. A man not finished with life—but just beginning it. Seretse Khama, the almost-forgotten exile.

He is a bored man, this powerfully-built but paunching African.

African tales

And he would be a bitter man if he could bring himself to believe that his life was as empty of purpose as present circumstances make it to be.

But this is a house where every day the phrase "When we go home" is used. Home is Africa.

In the bright lounge where leopard skin "kamosses" hang on the old-beamed walls to add a magnificence that the Tudors never knew, he tells his son Seretse, and his daughter Jackie, tales of life in Africa. "You don't like animals," accuses five-year-old Jackie, as

takes a spectacular leap into her father's lap. His reflective face bursts into a smile.

The picture is a pretty one. The conventional one of a happy family at home. The comfortable deep carpet, the TV set, the radiogram, where the jive and jazz is "That Old Black Magic." The middle-class furniture, rather new.

Except, except that domestic bliss never has been and never will be enough in the life of a man of power.

Seretse Khama is a man of deep discontentment.

This month he has seen another young man, an African and a leader of his people, too, the Kabaka of Buganda, "go home" after exile.

Does this give him hope?

"Perhaps," he says, shrugging. "In 1952 Mr Oliver Lyttelton said that it was final that Kabaka Mutesa should not return. But in 1955 that decision is reversed."

I suppose they are capable of changing their mind about me. All great men are supposed to be capable of that.

"I have no hope, sort of thing," he adds, imitating British stiff-upper-lipness.

Bitter side

It takes a pretty tough sort of hope to see a man through five years of exile and before those years were half-way through to receive the body-blow of knowing he would never be chief to his own tribe again, nor his son Seretse after him. Nor has he been told when, if ever, he may return to Bechuanaland Protectorate where his tribe, the Bamangwato people, await him.

In May 1952, Lord Salisbury turned down pleas from Bamangwato delegates that Seretse Khama should be offered some tribal post other than chief.

The Bamangwato people's reply has been not to elect another chief.

"The Government has the power to depose a chief but not to appoint a new one. That must come from the people and they have been sticking out for quite some time now."

But while this situation has its satisfaction for the exile, it has its bitter side too.

While the impasse continues the reforms he wants to see brought into Bamangwato farm-

ing methods are unlikely to take place—without a chief.

His people are a tribe of herdsmen with a million head of cattle grazing on the scrub and desert grass of the dry Protec-

torate.

"I want to make them not only a pastoral people but an agricultural people as well," he says.

"It is a task to get my people to use new methods. That is where the chief comes in; he can always get things done where Government officials cannot."

Something the Government has done is to build an abortion and freezing plant so that the difficulties of taking Bamangwato cattle, possible carriers of foot-and-mouth disease, across the border of South Africa are overcome.

"For that one must praise the Government," says the exile for whom the easy export of his country's product is only the beginning of the prosperity he wants for them.

"It is very difficult to do nothing at all when there is much that can be done."

"Nothing at all," is what he continues in defiance to do.

No point

Posts that have been offered have been turned down. He does not take a job because "there is no point in it," as his wife puts it.

He lives on £1,100 a year from the Government and the income from his own herd of cattle in Bechuanaland.

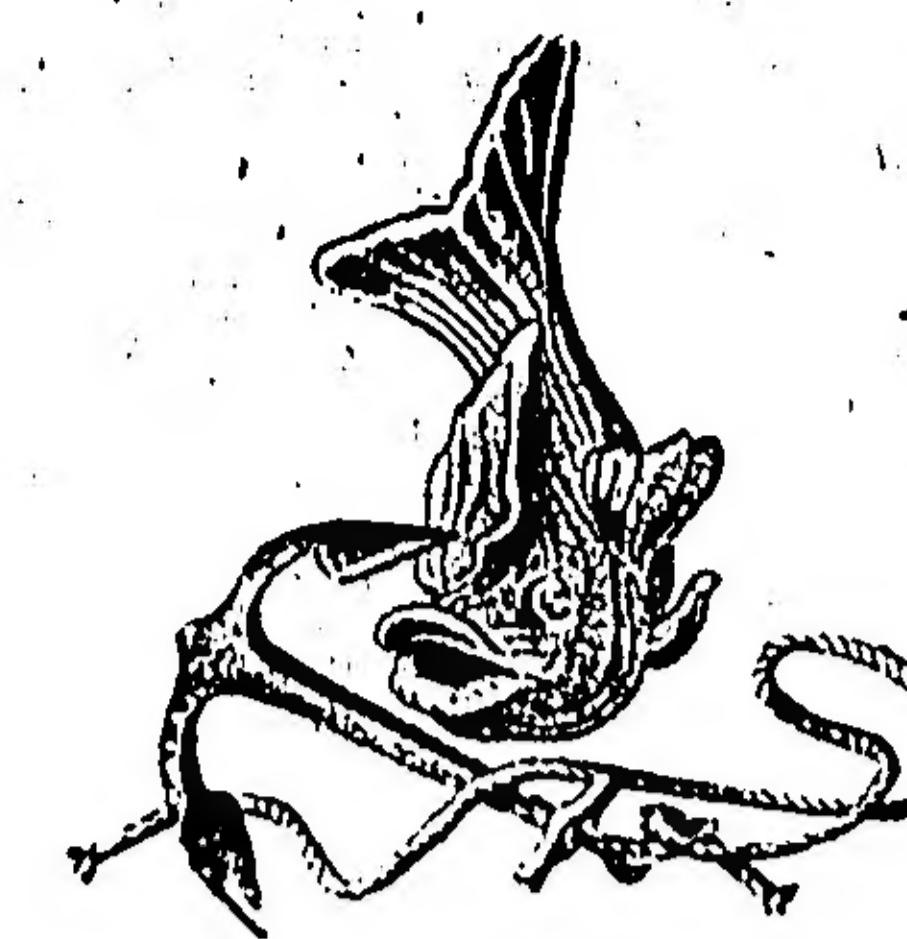
"One is inclined to get frightenedly bored. One would not have time to get bored at home." He seldom uses the first person in speech; it is nearly always "one."

His large frame is slowly beginning to slit up with the years of inactivity. He sits with indolent grace in his armchair. His face is often blank, al-

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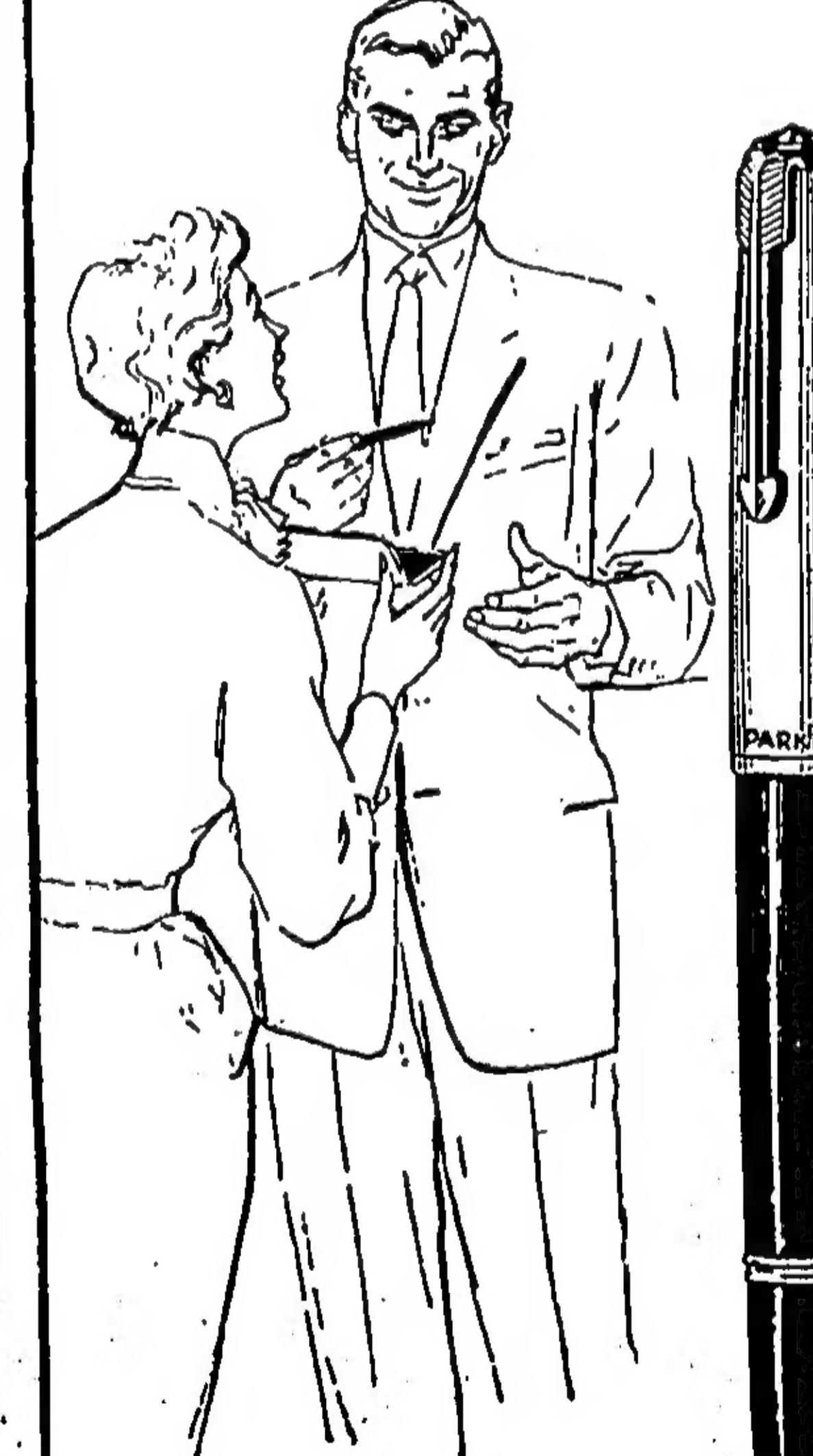
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Paris Is No Place For Love

says SYLVIA LAMOND

I'd like to meet the man who put it around . . . the idea that there's nothing so wonderful as being young and in love in Paris. He obviously was a man; no young girl in love would want Paris as a gift!

All right . . . so she can sit on a bench on a busy avenue and kiss her boy friend without stopping the traffic. Nobody will gape or giggle.

But a girl can't go on sitting on a cold, hard bench through a cold, hard winter.

She needs pretty clothes to keep his interest focused, and clothes are wildly expensive for the average girl.

★ ★ ★

I couldn't find a wearable winter frock under \$10 or a dreasy pair of shoes under \$5. Wool sweaters are poor and scratchy and start at about \$4.

So what does the girl do? She spends five evenings a week at home stitching like a moke to have something to wear on the sixth evening when she meets him.

Then she needs food to keep the flame of love leaping. What an evening out without a meal!

But there are none of the warm, well-lighted, smartly-appointed, five-bob-a-head restaurants such as you have in some big cities.

So unless the boy friend is well-lined, it's round to the cafe for food.

Here there's no decor, no music, no glamour. Just marble-topped tables, a draught whistling round the floor, and a harsh yellow light against which the prettiest girl fights a losing battle.

Now, to be forty and rich in Paris . . . that's a different story. For the older, wealthier woman, it's the most wonderful city in the world.

Everything is geared to her pleasure. Walters know a rhinestone from a diamond like they know a sausage from a steak. Hoteliers can smell a woman's bank account from the perfume she's wearing.

So imagine I'm forty, armed with asables and sapphires. I look like a homing pigeon for Christian Dior.

His grey and crystal rooms on the Avenue Montaigne are like a busy, noisy department store. Unbelievable, since this is the most exclusive, expensive shopping area in the whole world.

She needs a hood what the deb-deb girl is doing.

Brigitte Bardot was a sensation in London. In Paris she's just another girl with a pony tail, and not a hope in Hades of wresting the cinema crown from the idolized Michele Morgan (aged 25).

So imagine I'm forty, armed with asables and sapphires. I look like a homing pigeon for Christian Dior.

His grey and crystal rooms on the Avenue Montaigne are like a busy, noisy department store. Unbelievable, since this is the most exclusive, expensive shopping area in the whole world.

She needs a hood what the deb-deb girl is doing.

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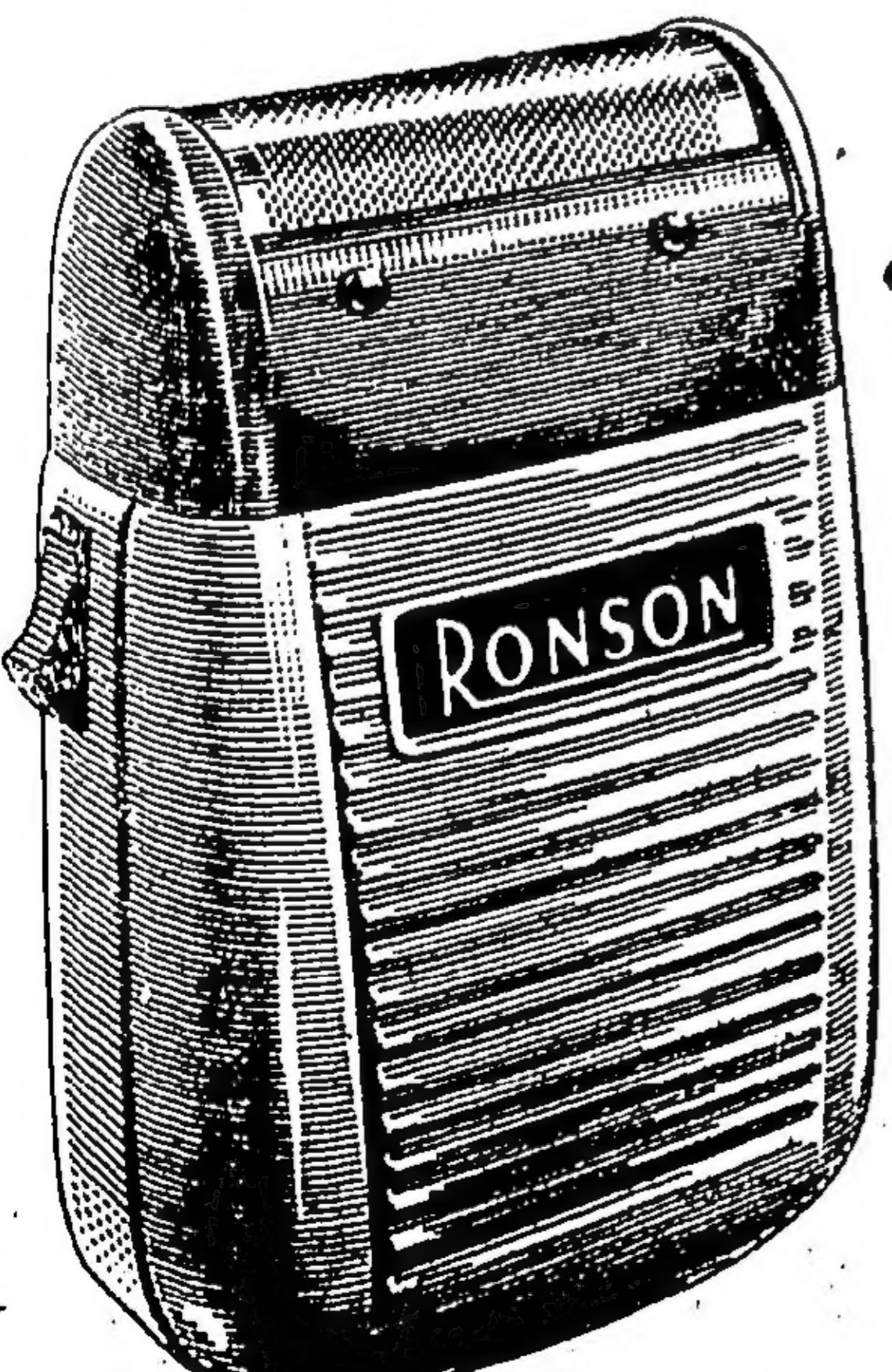
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LOGAN GOURLAY . . . on Broadway . . . keeps a date with

MARILYN Incorporated

To the celebrated showpieces of New York, like the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty, add Marilyn Monroe.

She has been resident there since she quarrelled with her Hollywood studio and walked out with both hips swinging pettishly.

She is not constantly on view, of course, and she is not easy to recognise when she does venture into the streets.

She dresses uninfluentially, and wears no street make-up—because Milton prefers it that way.

Milton is Milton Greene, ex-photographer who has become her mentor, friend, and leading executive of Marilyn Productions Incorporated.

However, for social occasions like parties, film premieres and Broadway first nights, Mr. Greene wisely permits Miss Monroe to appear fully made-up as befits a Hollywood queen.

It was at a Broadway first night that I spotted her. Most of the audience spotted her too and before the play started they crowded round her asking for her autograph and just staring at her.

When I encountered Miss Monroe later at a restaurant she said: "Sit down in front of me and help block the place a bit. I don't want to be stared at any more tonight, I suppose I should be used to it by now, but I'm not."

Convincing

I sat down and the following conversation took place:

Gourlay: I don't suppose you remember the first time we met about two years ago in Hollywood?

Monroe: Of course I remember. Never forget a face.

(I didn't believe her for a moment, but it would have been churlish to say so.)

G.: Your face has become even better known since then.

M.: Not only my face. . . . In fact so much fuss is made about the rest of me, I begin to wonder if anybody ever looks at my face.

Interruption by a waiter who asked her to sign his menu. She did—just above the plate du jour.

G.: I suppose you're still pestered by questions about the way you walk.

M.: Yeah. People won't believe I just walk that way naturally.

G.: Last time we met in Hollywood you produced a pair

of The Universal Symbol weighs up the risks and the rewards

of crutches you'd used when you'd had a leg injury and demonstrated you walked with the same swing even on crutches.

M.: Did it? Well I probably convinced you then there's nothing phoney about my walk. It's sort of anatomical. Just the way I'm made. I've got sort of swivel hips. If we weren't in this restaurant I'd show you exactly what I mean.

(I wasn't sure whether it was lucky or unlucky for me that we were in a restaurant.)

She stood up, slipped out of her white fur stole, smoothed her black dress down over her sinewy hips and sat down again. Several people stopped eating.

'Still true'

G.: Do you get embarrassed by all the fuss and publicity about your sex appeal?

M.: I certainly do. If I've got it, I guess I'm lucky, but I'm never sure what it is exactly. I can't just turn it off and on like a shower. When a director says, "Marilyn, give us some of that old Monroe sex appeal in this scene," I just don't know what to do. I really don't.

G.: That's what you told me two years ago.

M.: It's still true, believe me. G.: I believe you.

M.: I get very fed up with all the sex stuff. How would you like to be called a universal sex symbol? Makes you feel uncomfortable, as though you'd done something wrong. I'd rather be known as just an actress.

G.: Will you be making another film soon?

M.: Nothing's definitely fixed.

G.: How about the quarrel with the Hollywood studios? It was about salary and choice of part wasn't it?

M.: Yeah, mostly.

G.: Two years ago they were only paying you about 800 dollars a week.

M.: That shot up a bit, but now I want a percentage of profits. I've incorporated myself into a company now.

M.: My career, I guess. And I worry about being late. I'm very unpunctual. I guess the psychiatrist's word say I was taking revenge on people for the tough times I had when I was growing up in foster homes. And I worry about

G.: What about all these reports that you want to play in a film version of Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*? Do you?

M.: Why not? Did you read what Sam Goldwyn said about me the other day?

Possibilities

She produced the cutting and I read: "What her studio hasn't realised yet is that Marilyn Monroe is a really fine actress. And incidentally she'd be perfect."

G.: I hadn't realised Mr. Goldwyn was an authority on Dostoevsky.

M.: Neither had I. It was very nice of him, wasn't it?

G.: Very nice. Tell me, are you studying "The Method" (the feablemable naturalistic style of acting practised by Marlon Brando)?

M.: I'm not exactly a full-time pupil. But I've looked in at a few classes.

G.: I'm told that beginners may be asked to do odd things like sit on a table. Or a pimple.

M.: Well, I certainly haven't been asked to sit on a pimple.

G.: Congratulations. What about psychiatry? Every other actor and actress I meet over here is taking psychiatric treatment. Are you?

M.: I'm not taking a full course. But I don't scoff at psychiatry. It's very useful to know what makes you tick when you come up against an emotional crisis.

No shoes

G.: Have you come up against many?

M.: A few, but let's change the subject. I don't want to talk about my divorce. Or about Joe DiMaggio.

G.: All right. Do you like poetry?

M.: I do. Don't sound so surprised. Do you know these lines from Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*?

And all men kill the thing they love—

By all let this be heard,

Some with a bitter look,

Some with a slattering word...

M.: Think of all the guys in the world who are supposed to love me. I guess I'm in danger. Better say a little prayer for me.

G.: I'll do that.

"RACKET WITHIN A RACKET" POLICE SMASH HONGKONG DRUG RINGS

By GORDON HUNG

DURING the past few months many narcotics cases have been reported in the newspapers, especially cases dealing with illegal importation and manufacture of drugs in the Colony.

As a result of this, drug addicts have become complete individuals, and have found it unnecessary to take their drugs in divans. They can smoke their heroin in the streets, in alleys, ways and on staircases. For this reason the Police are finding it more difficult to detect offenders, but despite this the anti-narcotics measures have shown very good results.

Most of the narcotics come from places in the Middle East and Southeast Asia by plane or ship. In the past few months large quantities of opium and morphine, together with some heroin, have been seized by the Police in Hongkong on arrival by ships and planes from India and Siam.

On The Move

THE larger quantities are usually brought in by ships and concealed in all conceivable places, while smaller quantities are brought in by aeroplane. One woman tried to bring morphine concealed in two Thai art statuettes, while a seaman tried to bring opium ashore concealed beneath a live goose sitting in a rattan basket. More often than not the carriers are women and the means of concealment are ingenious and varied.

Apart from opium, morphine and heroin, no other drugs are smuggled into the Colony. Because of its geographical position, Hongkong is used mainly as a transhipment point in the international narcotics trade, but certain amount of processing of opium to morphine and heroin is done here, although the manufacturers find it hard to operate with the Police on their tails all the time.

Police pressure has made processing in Hongkong extremely difficult, and the operators have to be always on the move. One day a group may be located in Caine Road. Two or three days later you might find the same people operating in Kowloon Tong, while a few days later they may have transferred their headquarters and apparatus to Repulse Bay.

Then there is the difficulty of finding a qualified chemist willing to take the risk for some fast cash—to do the processing. The chemist must have working knowledge of the drug, or the morphine and heroin he makes will not be suitable.

Smuggled Gold

MANY devious ways are found of smuggling the narcotics out of Hongkong. One way that was concealed the drugs in the hollow bamboo of rattan furniture destined for foreign countries. A method that is believed to be used by drug operators in dealing between Hongkong and other Far East countries.

The syndicates are not only involved in the international narcotics trade but also cater for the local market. Here the free-lance operator has a chance. If he is able to smuggle the drugs into the Colony he can still make a tidy profit although he is competing with the syndicates.

The free-lance operator brings in small quantities of drugs and sells it to contact men, who pass the stuff to brokers. The brokers break the drugs up into very small quantities and sell the packages to peddlars who pass them on to consumers. Everyone makes some money except the addict, who is quite satisfied to have his smoke.

The syndicates—the wholesalers of the business—bring their drugs into the Colony in bulk and being well-established and well organised, derive far greater profits than the free-lancers.

More Heroin

IN every racket, there is always a "racket within a racket," and this holds true for the drug trade. The retailers or the peddlars sometimes adulterate the drugs or try to palm off bogus products to the addicts.

One of the results of the intensive Police pressure on traffickers and users of narcotics is the noticeable changeover from opium consumption to heroin consumption in the Colony. The terrific pressure on opium divans has driven them to rooftops and squatting huts, and even the Police make it very unpleasant for them to operate with their large amount of paraphernalia.

There is no obvious paraphernalia for heroin smoking. Smokers can put the drug on their cigarettes and inhale, or they can use a silver foil pipe.

(CONTINUED)

By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



A classic hairstyle from Alan Spiers. Hair at the front is cut short and layered into loose waves; at the back it is swept up into a suggestion of chignon.

FUR STYLES FOR FORMAL AND CASUAL WEAR

—They Include Cardigans And Jeans...

London. WHITE ermine jeans topped by a loose fitting, slip-over-the-head black ermine shirt make smart after-skid wear for Europe's winter sports resorts this season.

A real fur cardigan with a woolen collar, brass buttons and sit pockets or blue-dyed minkskin jeans and jumper are ideal for television scenes in cold country houses.

All three models are to be seen in the salons of leading London furriers who are determined to give women a chance to keep warm this winter and look smart at the same time.

The fur jeans come from Mr Albert Hart, the Mayfair furrier who is engaged in a campaign for better and brighter window dressing. His own small window, at his salon in Mayfair, featuring the harmony of furs, is a delightful example of what can be done with little space and much restraint.

The cardigan, claimed to be the first "real cardigan" in fur, comes from another of London's couture furriers Mr S. London.

Furs this year are more than ever fashion garments, whether designed for formal or casual wear.

V-NECKED SHIRTS

Thus, the jumper which matches the blue fur jeans has the typical square, loose line and three-quarter raglan sleeves of the smartest of casual sports wear. The black ermine shirt worn over the white jeans is also loose. But, with a smartly cut V-neck, a trim collar which can be worn up or down and elbow-length sleeves worked in one line across the back to stress the raglan effect, it achieves being chic as well as casual.

In sharp contrast to these models for casual wear are two magnificent stoles in that truly royal fur, rarely seen in London these days—chinchilla. Mr London's is an authentic Empress chinchilla bolero suggestively named Revillon (the name given by the French to their all-night celebrations beginning on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.) Mr Hart's is a deep cape stole in Rex chinchilla.

Mink is as popular as ever—and as expensive. Mr London features it in all shades from emerald green natural blue through emerald autumn haze natural brown to black and white.

CHEAPER RANGE

One striking jacket in black mink is faced with white mink cuffs, collar and tweed-like front. Another in ranch mink has a flat round collar and front edging in emerald autumn haze natural brown mink, while a third, Twilight, is in silverblue mink.

A lovely stole worked like most of Mr London's stoles this winter, straight across the back without a centre seam, is in a new smoky brown colour called crepe.

In his range of full-length coats, Mr. London, although known in the trade as "the Mink Man," is showing a num-

Next spring and summer you'll look fashionable wearing Gay Cotton Prints From Dawn To Dusk

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. GAY is the word for the new cottons to be seen around London's showrooms just now. Splintered diamonds, Paisley patterns, Chinese puzzle designs, white splotches, vista prints, coloured squares—these are a few of the eye-catching prints.

For it seems that British women are at last taking to the idea of cottons from dawn-to-dusk. The latest collections show cottons for every occasion. There is the tunic shirt for beachwear; sheath dresses and matching jackets for day wear; full skirted dresses in black or pink cotton faille for evening.

The tunic shirt it looks rather like a sandwich board is simple to make and should prove one of the most easily copied styles. It consists of two squarish pieces of material joined on the shoulder to make a boat neckline, and belted in at the waist with no need for side seams. The more complicated versions have pushed up sleeves and mock-like fronts gathered on to a round shoulder yoke.

★ ★ ★

Sheath dresses have a variety of jackets to partner them. Foremost are mink jackets, which stop at waist-level. They have edge-to-edge fronts and long, tight sleeves; finger-tip jackets, to hip-level, with long sleeves and no collar; and three-quarter length Chinese tunics.

Outstanding among the prints for evening is a new "feathered" pattern in gold and brown, taffeta or crepe. The effect of a field leaf worked into yellow. The rich material looks its best on a completely plain style and as such will be kind to home dressmakers. Mostly these dresses had fitted bodices and full skirts.

But there have been several other styles which bear no resemblance whatsoever to the human figure. Looking more like a sack draped on a tailor's dummy, they fit at neither bust, waist nor hip, and burst into a flounce at knee-level.

Another new idea this week was to demonstrate that these durably pleated cottons do survive the wash tub. Two dresses were paraded side by side, one new, one six-times washed. The pleats on the old were not quite so crisp; those on the new, but the difference could only be spotted by close comparison.

★ ★ ★

YET another London hairdresser, Alan Spiers, has turned to classic styles with wing-locking full-length coat with large double cuff patches, double breasted buttoning and a low half belt.

But the model which won the biggest applause at the opening of his winter collection was a lovely full-length coat in soft pastel mink worked on the very latest fashion lines with a deep cape collar and fitted "long body" line flaring out into a full skirt at near knee-level.

One of the most popular furs this season is the medium priced, hard wearing South West African Persian lamb. Mr Hart uses it black for a cape styled to stand up round but away from the neck at the back and folded to the front where it can be fastened with three or four large bone buttons if required. Accompanying this very attractive stole is a muff-bag in a mixture of South West African Persian lamb and antelope.

Mr. London pairs a muff-bag in this fur with one of the season's fashionable Cossack caps.

MOST POPULAR

In the winter collections of every one of London's "Big Twelve" fashion designers, the members of the exclusive Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, South West African Persian lamb has an important place for trimming on hats, coats, jackets and even dresses.

CHEAPER RANGE

One couturier, Ronald Patterson, recalling no doubt the icy draughts which can blow through the ancestral homes of his native Scotland, has an entire suit in dark-green South West African Persian lamb, finished with a knitted band in matching wool at the base of the jacket and cuffs of the sleeves.

Mr. Hardy Amies, one of Queen Elizabeth's dressmakers, uses it for cosy upstanding collars and capes-ruffs, which appear to be part of the suit or coat but which can be slipped off at will any time the wearer finds them too warm—or wants to change the look of her outfit.

—China Mail Special

Luxurious Evening Ensemble



A white ermine jacket with a big collar of white fox worn over a formal evening dress of heavy-ladened lame.—Agence France-Presse.

Designers Advise:

Stick To Your Type

New York. THE well-dressed woman is the one who dresses her type, no matter what the current fad.

This is the viewpoint of three of the nation's youngest and most successful designers—the winners of the 1955 fashion "Winnie" presented by Coty, Inc. Selections are made by fashion reporters.

The three were asked by United Press to describe what they consider the well-dressed woman.

Mrs Anne Klein, a New York native and a designer for 12 years, said: "The well-dressed woman is the one who sticks to her type. She may be ingénue, the tailored, the athletic, or the very sophisticated woman."

"But no matter what the occasion, or the time of day, she dresses to provide the setting for her individual personality."

COMFORT AND CHIC

"A woman can venture from type, but then she really isn't well dressed, because she isn't comfortable. You can't be uncomfortable and chic at the same time."

Mrs Jeanne Campbell, a native of Pittsburgh now with a New York firm and a specialist in sports-wear separates, said the smartly dressed woman is the one who "chooses her clothes for the type of life she leads." If she's a woman who rarely gets to the city, the wardrobe should feature casual clothes; if she's strictly an urbanite, clothes then should have city ways—elegance and sophistication.

The third winner is Herbert Kasper, whose career in design began with the armed forces in World War II when he costumed Army shows. Now with a New York manufacturer, Kasper defines the well-dressed woman as one whose clothes are the ultimate of simplicity.

"She never over-dresses," said Kasper. "Rather, she underplays. She knows how to co-ordinate accessories with her costume. She never has hat, belt, shoes, purse and jewellery all shouting for attention."—United Press.

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Sheath dress and matching jacket in cotton patterned in grapefruit, lime and black.—By Fredricka.

You needn't trouble about growing your own bun, he says. The idea is to have a chignon of nylon, dyed to match your hair, or if you prefer, to colour it.

If you have auburn hair, Mr Spiers suggests you match it for evening with a titan red chignon or if blonde hair, with a chignon that's almost white. Brunette hair gets a raven black addition and brown hair a slightly darker one.

This is in the interests of fun and glamour, for Mr Spiers asserts we are too utilitarian in our evening hairstyles. But will gentlemen prefer the two-toned blonde?

But there are other less flamboyant suggestions for evening. Chignons, Mr Spiers feels, should be emphasised with jewels, jewelled bands, flowers and feathers. And since he has a boutique to supply these—even dyeing them to match your dress—this will naturally be good for business.

Basically, if the chignons, adornments and whatnots are disregarded the cut is one more suggestion of what to do with the in-between-lengths hair that is neither long nor short. The hair in the front provides a frame for the face with soft tendrill curl. At the back it is waved to the shape of the head, or flicked up into a stiff duck's tail.

Mr Spiers feels that hairdressers who plan these schemes should work in stimulating surroundings. These he has just

Adversity Is Often Good Luck In Disguise

By Anne Heywood

MY grandmother's favourite expression was, "God closes one door only to open another."

It used to baffle me, sometimes. Whenever I was coping with adolescent disappointments, she would try to comfort me with that comment. And it rarely comforted me; because— you knew how tragic a disappointment is at that age.

But now, of course, I find myself thinking the same thing and becoming more and more convinced that it is true. When one thing falls up, it is often just a prelude to something else.

Take, for example, Eleonora J. Eleonora was a shy, studious, introverted girl who never could make light conversation and who suffered a great deal when she was in her teens. When she finished school Eleonora studied to be a librarian and was given a good job in her local library. Since she was accurate and meticulous she did most of the behind-the-scenes work, and was rarely asked to handle the front desk.

She gave up the job—she had to. And when she pulled herself together and talked to her family doctor, she discovered that the only kind of job she could take was one as a receptionist. She was sure it would be impossible; she had no skill with people and was scared to death at the thought. But with her eyes as they were, it was the only solution.

That was three years ago. Eleonora found a job as a receptionist. It was a nightmare at first, but she got better and better at it. And while she is no extrovert, she has learned to like people and work well with them. In fact, she was just made assistant to the office manager.

• • •

As the years went on, she became more studious and introverted, never seemed to acquire any social graces. She liked the job, did it well and advanced. In fact, to mitigate her loneliness, she put in lots of extra time.

Then one tragic day, Eleonora's eyes went back on her. At first,

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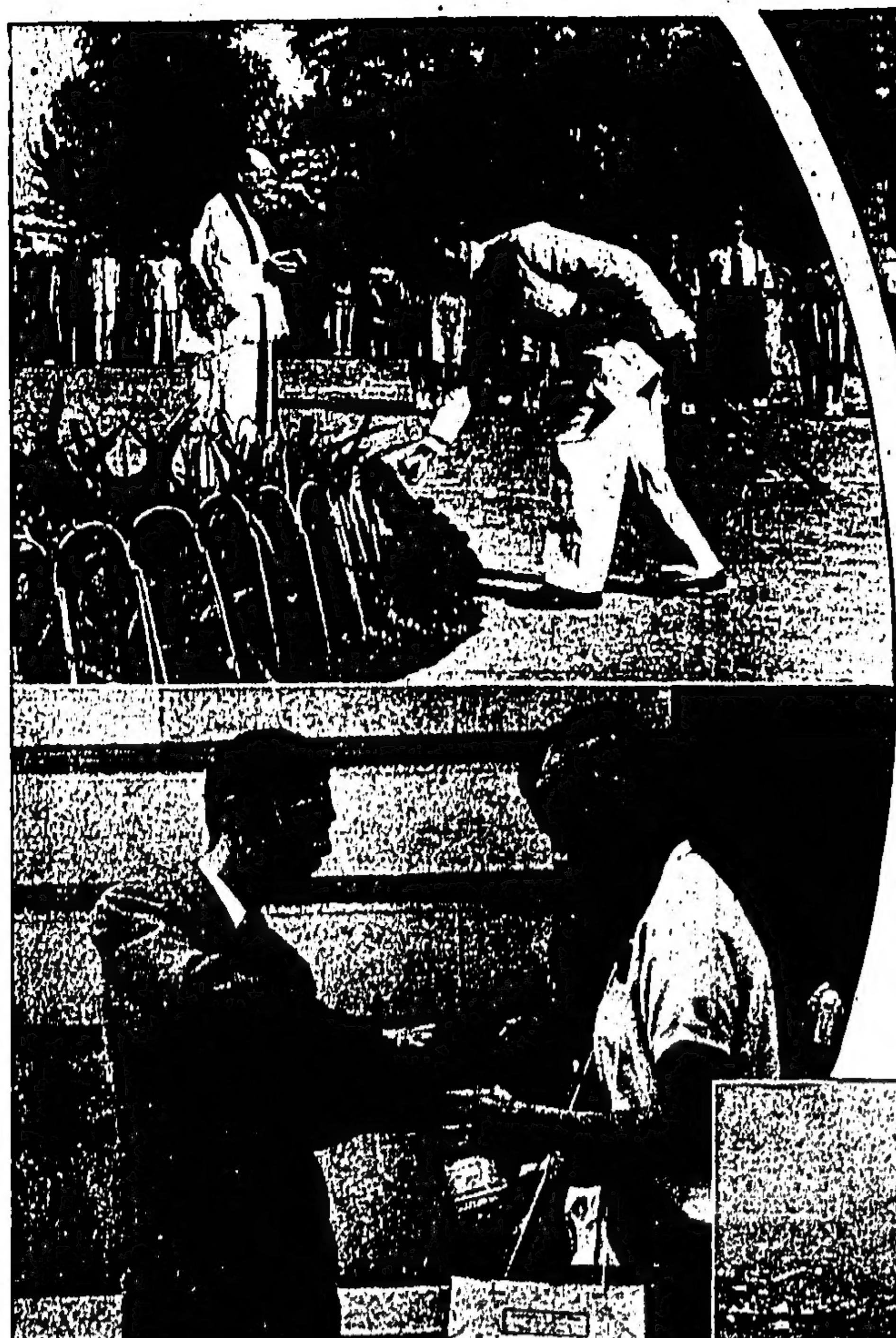
EXPERT GIVES TIPS ON MARBLE CARE

Marble, which adds much to the decor of today's homes, also presents a problem to the homemaker—cleaning.

Marble is used most frequently as the top of tables, ranging from the tiny cigarette tray variety to the massive breakfast type.

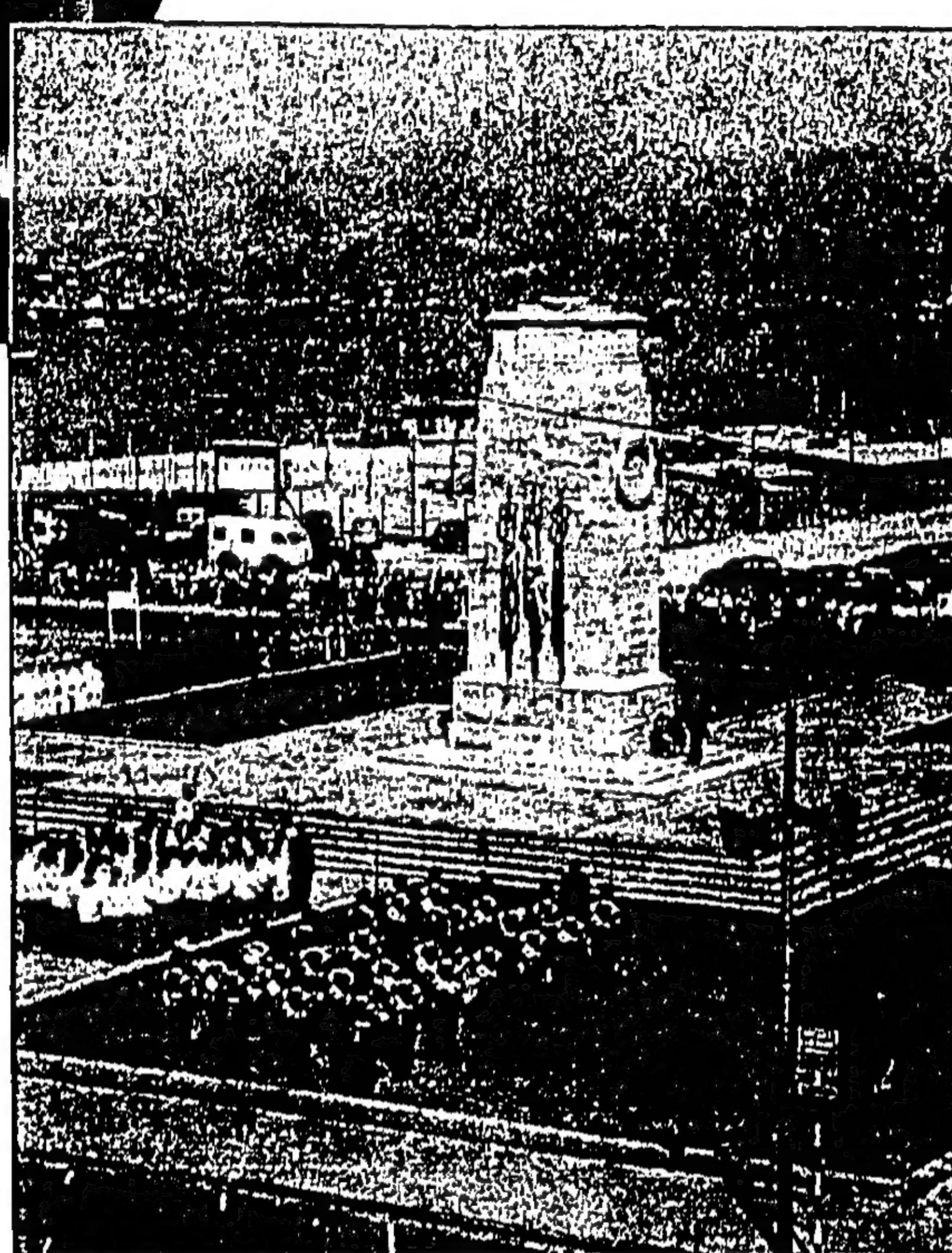
There are some tips on care, from Mrs Dorothy E. Twardzik, University of Illinois Home Economics specialist.

—China Mail Special



MASTER Robert Samarcq, son of Mr and Mrs Marcel Samarcq, celebrated his seventh birthday with a party for his young friends. Picture was taken at the party. (Eddie Ching)

HONGKONG paid homage last Sunday — Remembrance Sunday — to its war dead. On the right: Scene at the Cenotaph memorial service. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, laying the first wreath. Top: Major H. A. da B. Botelho laying a wreath at the Club do Recreio memorial. Immediately above, Miss Colleen Smith helping to sell poppies for Earl Haig's Fund. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David, addressing students and guests at the annual speech day of St Mark's School. He also presented certificates to successful students. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr and Mrs T. H. Tinson at the reception following their wedding at the Rosary Church on Monday last. The bride was formerly Miss C. M. Gray. (Mainland)



AT the annual prize day of the Bellios Public School. Miss Fung Ying-chee receiving the Chinese Swimming Association shield from Mrs Lawrence Kadoorie. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken after the christening of Philip Michael, infant son of Mr and Mrs E. J. Bower, at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. (Mainland)

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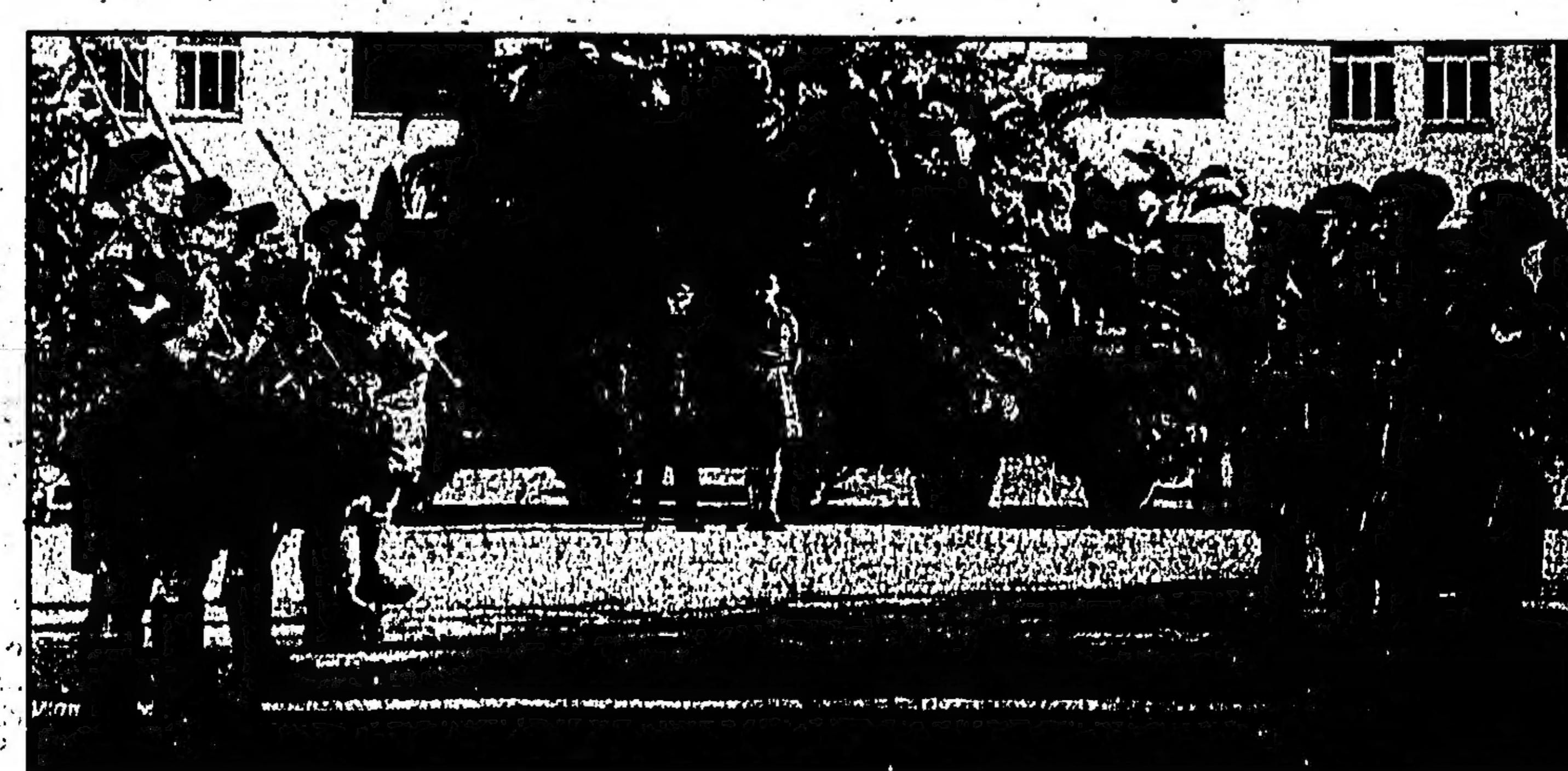
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THE Home Guard of the Royal Hong Kong Defence Force (left) taking over guard duties at Government House last Sunday from the 74 Light Anti-aircraft Regiment, RA. In background are Lt-Col O. P. Newton Duthi, Deputy Commandant of the Defence Force (right), and Major E. G. Stewart, Commanding Officer, Home Guard. (Staff Photographer)

See it to-day!

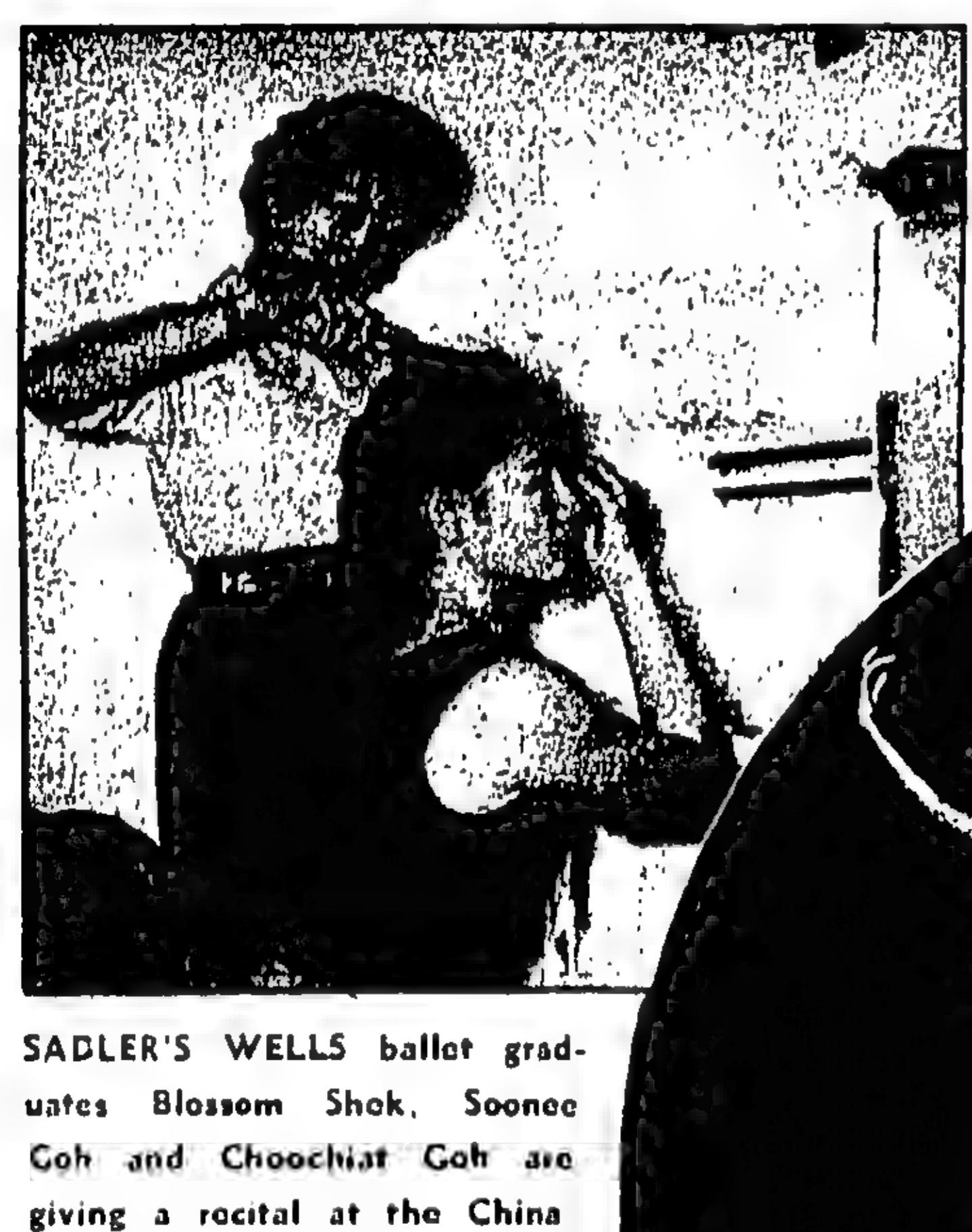


With smart "Key Largo" colour styling, and a modern, full-width freezing compartment, PHILCO brings a new standard of value to the low priced refrigerator field. Big 7.2 cu. ft. storage capacity. Double Utility Trays for use as covered meat compartments or vegetable crisper, or separate food trays. Self-closing Latch.

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HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham gave a reception at Government House on Wednesday in connection with the centenary of the Young Women's Christian Association movement. Above: His Excellency and Lady Grantham greeting the Hon. M. W. Turner and Mrs Turner. Left corner: Mrs B. M. Morreau, Miss Shin Tak-hing and Mrs Tai Hon-fun soon with Lady Grantham. (Staff Photographer)



MR H. Spencer Cooper, Commodore of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club, accepting the Interport Trophy from Mrs J. H. Unwin following the Hongkong-Manila Interport. (Yicks Lau)



GENERAL Nathan F. Twining, Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, greeted by the AOC, Air Commodore A. D. Messenger, on his arrival here on Wednesday. Gen. Twining is on an inspection tour of the Far East. (Staff Photographer)



SADLER'S WELLS ballot graduates Blossom Shok, Soonee Goh and Choochiat Goh are giving a recital at the China Fleet Club this evening. Above: Miss Shok making up at the rehearsal. Right: The Gohs practising a number. (Staff Photographer)

NEW! Westinghouse room air conditioner for CASEMENT

BELOW: Fancy dress party given by Miss Vivienne Churn for Miss Vivienne Jox, who has just returned from America on holiday. Guest of honour and hostess are seated fourth and fifth from left in second row. (Willie's)



SCENES at the second Macao Grand Prix last Sunday. 1. The Governor of Macao, Vice-Admiral Joaquim Marques Esparteiro, meets contestants. 2. The sleek cars flashing off at the start of the race. 3. Robert Ritchie, perched on his winning Austin Healey 100, wearing the victory wreath immediately after the conclusion of the race. 4. The winner with the Grand Prix trophy at the Grand Prix dinner in the Macao Club. (Staff Photographer)



K SHOES FOR MEN.

Full brogues as shown, in tan calf or Scotch grain; or lighter weight leathers and fine suede for the more formal occasions. All sizes.

ALLEN SOLLY SOCKS.

In full or ankle length; plain, or neat fancy designs. Pure wool or lisle thread.

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Premature wrinkling at the corners of your eyes are often caused by skin dryness. Skin dryness is caused by your skin's inability to make enough lubricating cholesterol and esters. Penetrating Lanolin Plus Liquid used nightly is a balm... then a few extra drops gently massaged into your skin before retiring next day a few more drops are a panacea. This keeps your skin constantly supplied with an abundance of cholesterol and esters. Result: dry skin wrinkles quickly fade giving you a surprisingly younger look. Get some Lanolin Plus Liquid today. You'll notice actually \$1.44 and feel a difference tomorrow morning.

Lanolin Plus Liquid

Asks for these other famous Lanolin Plus products:

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NEXT WEEK'S

Date to remember

FASHION SHOW

Peninsula Hotel

Wed. & Thurs.
16th & 17th

Seating Plan & Bookings
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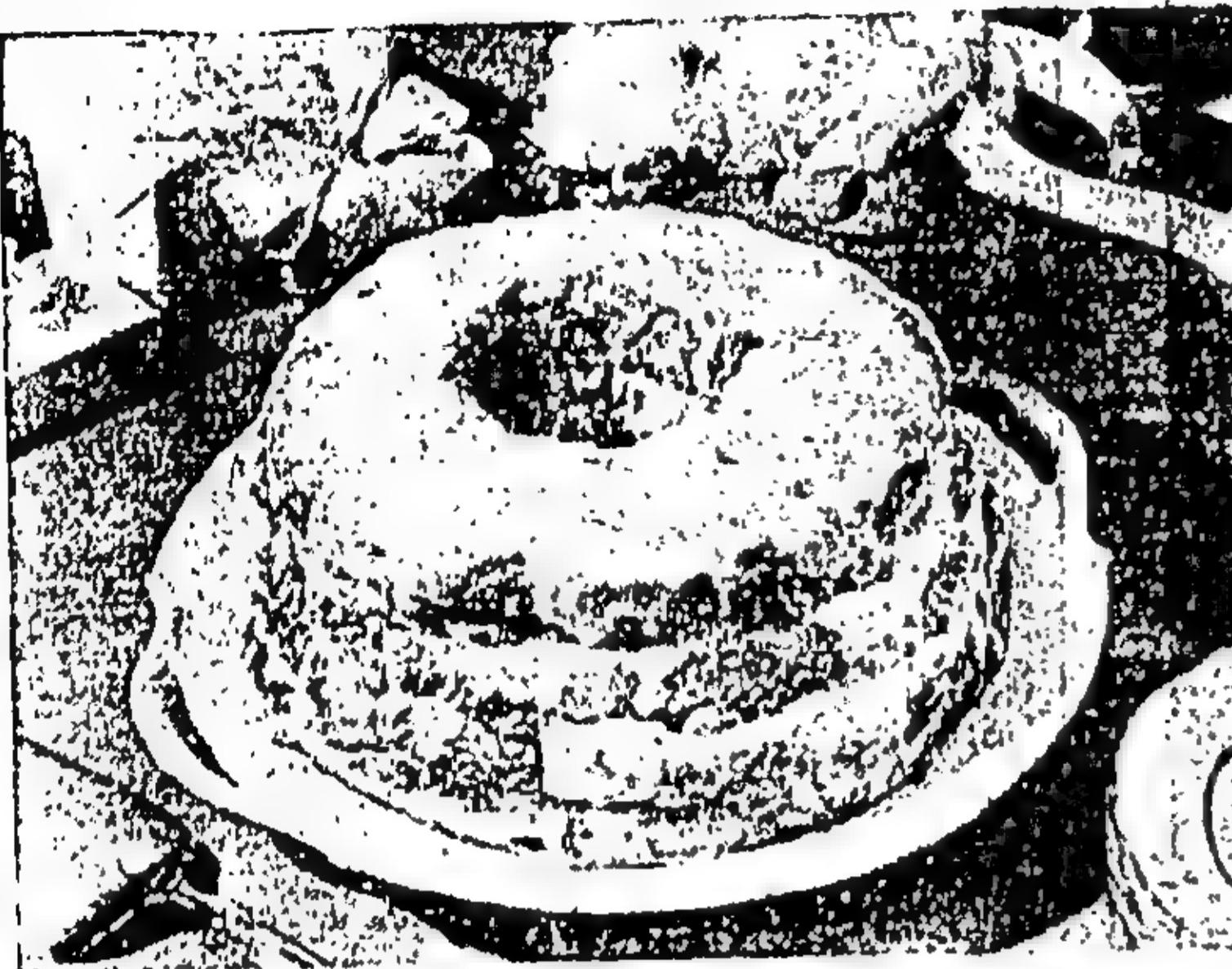
To co-ordinate the activities of voluntary welfare organisations, and to promote the knowledge and practice of social welfare work.

Information will be gladly supplied by the Secretary, Office: 403, China Building. Tel. 21700.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



A FEW DROPS of vegetable colouring, added to a confectioner's frosting, lends a lovely colour to this pretty pink Pompadour cake.



Pompadour Cake Looks Gorgeous In Pink

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"WHAT a gorgeous cake, Chef!" I exclaimed. "And what a glorious pink icing!"

"It is to correspond with the colour pink that is now high style," said the Chef. "And the cake is in honour of that famous lady who lived in France in the 18th century, Jeanne Antoinette, Marquise de Pompadour, friend of Louis the Fifteenth."

"Of course! She was the last to have the colour pink as well as confections so much, that even to this day many cakes and dainty French foods are called Pompadour this or that."

"Because it would be becoming and elegant, Madame," the Chef continued, "I have taken the liberty of planning a menu for guests which includes several foods of the type popular in the days of La Pompadour."

Pompadour Cake: Bake an angel food cake using cake mix and cut it into four layers. (A saw-toothed knife makes it quite easy to do.) Spread layers out on a smooth surface. Spread gelatin filling on all layers.

Reassembled layers in original cake shape. Pour pink confectioner's frosting on the cake so that it runs over the sides, spreading it a little if necessary. Chill in the refrigerator until gelatin filling is thoroughly set. Makes 12-14 servings.

Pineapple Cherry Filling: Drain 1 (No. 2) tin crushed pineapple, reserving the syrup. Measure out 1 c. and heat to boiling.

Empty 1 pkg. cherry-flavoured gelatin dessert into a bowl. Add the boiling pineapple syrup, stir until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in 1/2 c. cold water, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. lemon juice and the drained crushed pineapple. Chill.

Whip 1 c. heavy cream. Fold lightly into the thickened gelatin mixture.

Pink Frosting: Mix 1 c. sifted confectioner's sugar with 2 tbsp. lemon juice, 3 drops red vegetable colouring and enough water to make a pouring consistency.

Dinner à la Pompadour

Cucumber Ring Pompadour or Frozen Shrimp Bisque
Chicken-Vegetables in the Pot
Baked Noodles

Pompadour Cake Coffee
All Measurement Are Level
Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6
Cucumber Ring Pompadour: To 4 tbsp. cold water add 1/2 envelopes unflavoured gelatin. Peel and slice 2 good-sized cucumbers. Add 2 c. boiling water and 1/4 tsp. salt. Simmer 12 min., until tender.

You may use a damp pressing cloth over a hot iron or upstanding dry iron. Open seam flat. Beginning at the bottom, steam in the direction of the nap. Run steam iron along the wrong side of the seam, steamming it open. Carefully lay the garment aside flat until the fabric is thoroughly dry before handling it again.

If you are taking a velvet garment with you when travelling, let it be the last item you pack in top of suitcase. Use plenty of tissue paper on folds and card-board underneath and inside.

the AVON Bath Treasures

are the perfect refreshment for a midsummer day.

AVON Bath Treasures for

refreshing fragrance on
a midsummer day

THE CHINA MAIL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1955.

Knit While You Relax

Materials: 10 (11) (12) ozs. Munrospun "Sportscraft" wool. (Long sleeves); 9 (10) (11) ozs. Munrospun "Sportscraft" wool. (Three quarter sleeves); 6 (7) (8) ozs. Munrospun "Sportscraft" wool. (Short sleeves); 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 needles.

Measurements:

1st size. 2nd size. 3rd size.
In. In. In.

Bust 33-34 35-36 37-38

Length 18 1/2 17 17 1/2

Sleeve seam (long) ... 19 1/2 19 1/2 20

Sleeve seam (% length) 14 1/2 14 1/2 15

Sleeve seam (short) .. 5 5 5 1/2

Tension: 6 sts. to 1 in when slightly stretched. IMPORTANT:

To make a garment of the correct size the above tension must be maintained throughout. It is advisable to knit a small sample before beginning the garment and to use a size larger or smaller needle if the required tension cannot be obtained with the needles stated.

Abbreviations: K.—knit, p.—purl, st. or sts.—stitch or stitches, in. or ins.—inch or inches, inc.—increase or increasing, dec.—decrease or decreasing, beg.—beginning, cont.—continue, foll.—following, rep.—repeat, alt.—alternate.

Note: Instructions are given for 1st size. Follow figures in brackets for 2nd and 3rd sizes respectively. When only one set of figures is given this refers to all three sizes.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles cast on 192 (198) (204) sts. and work 2 rows in k.l.p.i. rib. Cont. to work in k.l.p.i. rib, inc. at both ends of the next and every foll. 4th row.

Work as for Left Front.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 38 (38) sts. 1st row: *K.1, p.1. Rep. from * to end of row. 2nd row: Inc. in first st., rib to end of row. Proceed in k.l.p.i. rib and inc. at front edge of every 4th row until work measures 3 ins. from beg.

Shape shoulders:—Cast off 14 (15) (16) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles cast on 38 (38) (38) sts. 1st row: *K.1, p.1. Rep. from * to end of row. 2nd row: Inc. in first st., rib to end of row. Proceed in k.l.p.i. rib and inc. at front edge of every 4th row until work measures 3 ins. from beg. Now work as for Left Front.

SLEEVES (Long)

Using No. 12 needles cast on 62 (68) (70) sts. and work in k.l.p.i. rib for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in k.l.p.i. rib for 2 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in k.l.p.i. rib. Inc. at both ends of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 80 (84) (88) sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 10 1/2 (11 1/2) (12) ins. from beg. measured at side edge.

Shape shoulders:—Cast off 14 (15) (16) sts. at beg. of next row. Work one row then cast off remaining 14 (15) (16) sts. at beg. of next row. Work one row then cast off remaining 14 (15) (16) sts.

SLEEVES (Short)

Using number 12 needles cast on 62 (68) (70) sts. and work in k.l.p.i. rib for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in k.l.p.i. rib for 2 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in k.l.p.i. rib. Inc. at both ends of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 80 (84) (88) sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 5 (5 1/2) (6) ins. from beg. measured at side edge.

SLEEVES (Three Quarter Length)

Using number 12 needles cast on 60 (64) (68) sts. and work in k.l.p.i. rib for 3 1/2 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in k.l.p.i. rib. Inc. at both ends of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 80 (84) (88) sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 10 1/2 (11 1/2) (12) ins. from beg. measured at side edge.

SLEEVES (Top)

Using number 12 needles cast on 8 (8) (8) sts. and work in k.l.p.i. rib for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in k.l.p.i. rib for 2 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in k.l.p.i. rib. Inc. at both ends of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 80 (84) (88) sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 14 1/2 (14 1/2) (15) ins. from beg. measured at side edge.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out each piece and press to correct measurements with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join shoulder seams and set in sleeves. Press these seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on band. Work a row of chain st. using double wool all round edge.

Shape Top:—As for long covering seam where band is sewn on. Press seams.



Extra Care Is Needed To Keep Velvet Lovely

Be Thankful For Low Blood Pressure...

Says W. W. BAUER, M.D.

A GREAT many people are seriously worried about high blood pressure. Too few pay attention to low blood pressure, which can be the source of just as much discomfort as high blood pressure; although it is not so likely to prove fatal.

Doctors are commonly confronted with patients who are thin, who have a poor colour and a sallow complexion, are easily tired, subject to headaches, irritable, troubled by insomnia, and generally, as the vernacular doesn't seem to make sense, but it is a situation which must be faced.

Between cleanings, though, give the velvet good care.

Dust and lint may be brushed off with a soft brush after each wearing. Frequent steaming will enliven the pile, but the garment should always be well brushed first. When steaming at home, brush the garment from hem up with a soft brush, midway in the steaming session.

If you are taking a velvet garment with you when travelling, let it be the last item you pack in top of suitcase. Use plenty of tissue paper on folds and card-board underneath and inside.

The normal blood pressure should be between 110 and 130 at its top or systolic point, which occurs during the contraction of the heart muscle. While the heart relaxes the value may run from 75 to 85. Both upper and lower limits of blood pressure are highly variable during health and become fixed at abnormal values only in certain types of illness.

Today, let's get busy and wash some wool knits, including precious soft, downy cashmere.

If a wool garment has a wide scoop neckline or a burlap neck, it is advisable to run a basting thread around the edge before washing. Pull the thread fairly tight and tie it. The same trick to prevent stretching also applies to ribbed cuffs and waistbands.

Wool knits can be kept on soft and fluffy as when they were new if treated with gentle care. One secret to washing wool successfully is to use water of body temperature, hot suds and soap. Any extreme or sudden change of temperature is a major cause of shrinkage and damage.

It may also occur in a serious disturbance of the endocrine system, Addison's disease, diabetes, a tubercular infection, or those glands with destructive effects (thyroiditis, etc.) and severe damage to nerves may be accompanied by low blood pressure and too many sensations in the thyroid gland. All these

possibilities the doctor investigates and frequently he comes up with nothing but anaemia and low blood pressure.

Accompanying low blood pressure there is traditionally a low amount of energy and reduced general vitality. Yet trained athletes and heavy labourers tend to have low blood pressure, while high blood pressure is common among businessmen, executives, office workers, and intellectuals. The whole thing doesn't seem to make sense, but it is a situation which must be faced.

Having successfully demonstrated that the low blood pressure in a certain instance is not due to any of the serious diseases mentioned above, and in the overwhelming majority of instances it is not—the physician may well shake the patient by the hand or slap him on the back and assure him, as Dr. Lewis Dexter of Harvard has said, "Congratulations—you are going to live a long time."

Low blood pressure not caused by disease is beneficial. Dr. William Stroud, of the University of Pennsylvania, intimates that this has been called "bleeding into one's own veins." The effect is the same as if blood were lost from the body. In such cases bandaging of the legs, elastic stockings, or even an abdominal binder may be required. In general, low blood pressure is something to be thankful for—but first be sure it is not due to something serious. Let your doctor decide.

Symptoms

One type of low blood pressure may require treatment, and that is the so-called postural or orthostatic variety in

which the individual gets his symptoms when he changes from a lying position to sitting or from sitting to standing. He may notice a blurring of his vision, together with weakness and a tendency to faint. He recovers when he lies down.

This type of low blood pressure is probably due to disturbed balance in the nervous control of blood vessel elasticity, in the veins, particularly in the large abdominal blood vessels. This has been called "bleeding into one's own veins." The effect is the same as if blood were lost from the body. In such cases bandaging of the legs, elastic stockings, or even an abdominal binder may be required.

Blends of wool and synthetic fibres have less tendency to shrink or sag, but blocking is desirable unless the synthetic fibre content predominates. So keep all fact tags giving the information, marking the type of garment on each tag.

Wool knits with a shrink-resistant finish have the tendency to stretch so they must be handled and blocked with care.

A perfectionist may want to steam wool-knit garments when dry. The process isn't difficult and it does pay off in a professional-looking finish.

Spread the garment flat, cover with a clean, damp cloth and hold a hot iron above the cloth without letting it touch. The heat plus moisture will create enough steam to ease any wrinkles and raise the nap. Omit the press cloth if a steam iron is used, but be very, very careful not to let the iron rest on the knitwear, even for a second.

After rinsing, roll in a thick towel to blot. Wool garments should be blocked with care. There is no reason why the

knitwear, even for a second,

should not be dried.

Spill the water with a tentatively finger or elbow, as you

will.

There is no reason why the

knitwear, even for a second,

should not be dried.

Spill the water with a tentatively finger or elbow, as you

will.

There is no reason why the

knitwear, even for a second,

should not be dried.

World Strangest Stories

The Downfall of the Cannibal King

By BILL McGOW

WOMBATS have many odd and endearing characteristics. They are shy and gentle but can inflict a nasty bite when provoked.

Experts who know all about the Australian marsupials could tell you lots more about the wombat, but they would all agree on one important point... *wombats cannot fly.*

Which proved to be a bit of bad luck for a Swiss waiter named Henri Louis Grin. If only the wombat had possessed wings M. Grin might still have been remembered as one of the most intrepid and sensational travellers in the history of exploration. Instead of which he merely succeeded in making at the turn of the century - the name Louis de Rungmont synonymous with that of Baron Munchausen...

In August 1898, the *Wide World Magazine*, which published no fiction and was the first and best of the "true-story" magazines, announced a new serial in these words:

"We now continue what may be true or false, the most amazing toy a man has ever had to tell, quite apart from the world-wide interests of M. de Rungmont's narrative of adventure, it will be obvious that after his thirty years' experience as a cannibal chief in the wilds of Australia, his contribution to science will be simply above all price."

It added that the narrative was taken down verbatim from M. de Rungmont's lips. For it was a peculiarity of this sensational autographist that he did not write his adventures. He went along to the magazine's office and dictated his story, thereby anticipating Edgar Wallace and the modern tape-recording school of authors.

His story began with a description of a shipwreck when he was pearl-fishing off the New Guinea coast in the 1890s. De Rungmont, the sole survivor, owed his life to the sagacity of the ship's dog. As he was on the point of exhaustion while swimming in the angry sea the noble animal held out his tail, which the drowning man grasped with his teeth, and towed him to the safety of a rocky island.

Although the island was only 100 yards long by 10 yards wide de Rungmont lived there alone for two years with the considerable assistance of stores from the conveniently placed wreck, which he ferried ashore by raft in the approved Swiss Family Robinson manner.

One of the diversions which helped to pass away the time during his solitary life was turtle riding... "I used to wade out to where the turtles were and, on catching a big six-hundred-pounder, would calmly sit astride his back. Away would swim the startled creature, mostly a foot or so below the surface. When he dived deeper I simply sat far back on the shell and then he was forced to come up. I steered my queer steeds in a curiously. When I wanted my turtle to turn to the left I simply thrust my foot into his right eye and vice versa for the contrary direction. My two big toes placed simultaneously over his eyes caused a halt so abrupt as almost to unseat me."

But his turtle-riding days were only a curtain-raiser. De Rungmont had much more astonishing adventures up his sleeve for subsequent instalments. After two years another gale deposited four naked savages on his islet. They were Australian aborigines - father, mother and two children - who promptly set about teaching de Rungmont their language and instructing him in the habits and customs of their race, information which was to prove exceedingly valuable to him later on.

By this time his body was tanned by the tropical sun and his long hair fell down his back below his shoulders. He wore it in a bun ultimately. He and his aboriginal friends managed to make a boat in which they reached the Australian mainland after a voyage of several days. There they were welcomed by a vast and friendly mob of naked Blacks with great enthusiasm. His subsequent adventures are too involved and fantastic even for the briefest summary in this space. I can only pick out a few highlights.

He became "king" of an aboriginal tribe and was expected to take a wife, so Kumba, the woman who had shared his life on the island,

became his bride after a suitable arrangement with her existing husband; she was a good provider and went out daily hunting for the watery roots which were his favourite breakfast-food — "often that heroic creature tramped on foot 100 miles to get me a few sprigs of herbs" was one of his tributes to his devoted mate; he took part in cannibal feasts with his tribe (I skip the gruesome culinary details), he described the mussel fishing expeditions in which fish were speared at midnight by torchlight; he fought and conquered (with Yamba's assistance) a crocodile; he cured himself of malaria by killing a wild bull and sleeping within its still-warm carcass—"I was absolutely cured, a new man, a giant of strength."

Perhaps the story which most fascinated and horrified his readers was the one about Yamba killing and eating her baby while he was 11. She explained afterwards: "I could not have trusted you and the baby, so I did what I considered best."

For a time de Rungmont excited incredible interest. He was honoured and feted all over London. He was invited to lecture before the British Association at Bristol, and on the strength of that embarked on a series of lecture tours. When doubts were cast on the possibility of riding turtles in the manner he had described, he demonstrated the art at the London Hippodrome, which specialised in water spectacles. In those days I have learnt from a yellow and tattered newspaper clipping describing his performance in this phrase: "It is quite open to question whether he was riding the turtle or the turtle was riding him."

Doubts and criticisms were heard here and there, but it was not until de Rungmont made his one tremendous blunder that the storm broke. Relating how he went hunting wombats to make sandals from their skins, he said: "I knew that wombats haunted the Islands in countless thousands, because I had seen them rising in clouds every evening at sunset."

That did it. Flying wombats were too much even for the British Association to swallow. The Daily Chronicle led the attack. De Rungmont was investigated, exposed and utterly discredited. Phil May's cruelly clever cartoons in "Punch" made him a national laughing stock. It was revealed that he was a Swiss waiter who became footman to the actress Fanny Kemble and went to Australia as butler to Lady Robinson (as in that Swiss Family Robinson parallel). After returning to England in the spring of 1898 he had spent weeks in the reading room of the British Museum before offering his memoirs to the world.

He left England for the Continent after his downfall and nothing more was heard of him until 1914 when he was back again trying to organise an expedition to the South Pole. He married a Miss Thirza Cooper in 1915 and again disappeared from the public eye.

The last chapter opened in 1920 when a gaunt old man calling himself Norris Redmond and giving his age as 85 was admitted to the London Homeopathic Hospital as a patient after a fall in a Tube station. He had been living in the basement of an empty house in Queen's Gate Gardens, Kensington. He had spoken to servants in the neighbourhood of his experiences in Russia. He was identified as Louis Grin, alias de Rungmont. After an operation he returned to his basement, but he died the following year, leaving with his sister a mass of manuscripts. When he was buried at Kensal Green the plate on his coffin bore the inscription "Louis Redman, aged 74"—so he baffled the world even in his grave.

But the most disquieting fact of all is that since his death many of his apparently wild stories have been substantiated by later discoveries. For instance, there really are aboriginal tribes who make a practice of riding turtles. In October, 1921, Mrs. Thirza de Rungmont wrote to the Daily Mail about a film called "Australia's Wild Norwest!" shown at the Philharmonic Hall. She said: "I learn to my joy that it confirms a great many statements by my late husband which was once discredited in toto. I rejoice to know that my husband is thus finally vindicated."

Coceteau's theatrical education started with the circus. His parents felt that the circus was the small boy's natural introduction to the theatre, and Jean did not graduate from it until he was twelve.

And in 1920 his close friend, Mr. Margaret Spender, told a detailed interview. No more honest man than de Rungmont has ever lived. The truth is bound to be known one day and then he will be recognised as one of the world's greatest explorers.

(CONTINUED)



STONEBOTTOM SUMMIT

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PARIS IS FULL OF SURPRISES THESE DAYS . . . BUT
NOTHING MORE STARTLING HAS OCCURRED THAN THE
ADMISSION OF JEAN COCTEAU TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY

ENFANT TERRIBLE OF FRENCH ARTS

By LES ARMOUR

Jean Cocteau hides his long, thin artistic hands and gets ready to talk about art: "A masterpiece," he says, "is nothing, after all, but an act by a performing dog in a piece of unsafe ground."

What is Cocteau's masterpiece? A film like "L'Eternel Retour"? A play like "La Machine Infernale" or "Les Enfants Terribles"? A poem?

Or one of his stunts, like the traffic-stopping display in Paris recently when he took his seat in the French Academy dressed in a blue uniform, because he didn't like the official green?

Superb Comedy

The critics say none of them. Cocteau's masterpiece is nothing more or less than his life — a superb comedy in an infinite number of acts.

Cocteau agrees.

Would he then agree that he is just "a performing dog on a difficult piece of ground?"

He would not deny it. Like Salvador Dali, he is firmly convinced that he is a genius. "Greatness is natural to me," he says. Unlike Salvador Dali, he does not believe that being a genius is any particular credit to him. It just happened.

There is a little more to it than that, however.

Cocteau was born 66 years ago (according to his entry in Who's Who) it was 64 years ago, but that a mysterious private joke of Cocteau's) at Maisons-Laffitte, a rich, bourgeois suburb of Paris.



Jean Cocteau

before the family even noticed that he had formally left. It was about that time that he met and struck up an acquaintance with Edouard de Max, the actor.

De Max convinced him that he was poor — and Cocteau published three volumes of poems before he was twenty.

The poems were amusing, slick, but not great.

They were enough, however, to cement his inherited position as a young man of the arts. When Diaghilev swept Paris with his Ballet Russe, Cocteau switched to ballet.

He followed the Russian around Paris and became his constant companion. The fact was more difficult than it sounds. Diaghilev spent his time cheating into hotels and moving out again often without paying his bills.

Cocteau was not familiar with the finer points of the art of coming up fast and suddenly with fresh innovations, but he managed to survive.

though he does escape the traditional ruin, somehow emerges morally stronger. He has done his best, honourably, and it is the Fates who are shamed.

Individual man, he thinks, is at his best in glittering spectacle, and Cocteau did not hesitate, in the years just before the Second World War, to give up almost everything else to write for night club performers.

Quiet Life

During the last war he lived a quiet life in occupied France, infuriating the Nazis with his gentle but effective needling and living out his pacifist convictions.

Since the war he has devoted himself to films, to living in almost solemn solitude in the South of France, and to annoying the French Academy with his constant lampooning. Whether his election to that august body is a victory for Cocteau or for the Academy no one is quite sure.

But Cocteau, with jewelled sword and blue uniform, has apparently won the first round hands down.

(COPYRIGHT)

Pitched In

Anyway, it was about that time that Diaghilev was nearly ruined when the Paris crowd turned nasty over an avant-garde production by Szymski.

Cocteau left ballet and started work on the novel.

The war—which he spent with an amateur ambulance group composed of artists—interrupted him. So did a feud with Andre Gide.

Gide recalled meeting him in an English teahouse in Paris one day in 1914 when the war was going badly: "I had no pleasure in seeing him again. He is incapable of seriousness and all his thoughts, his whimsisms, his sensations, all the extraordinary brilliance of his customary conversation shocked me." (A luxury article displayed in a period of famine and mourning.)

But below the surface there was more to Cocteau. Once during the war he found himself and his ambulance with a regiment of French Marines. The Marines were clearly in a situation in which they were about to be massacred.

Cocteau was a sincere pacifist, but he pitched in with them and fought so hard that he was recommended for the Croix de Guerre — until someone remembered that he wasn't a Marine.

After the war, he turned to Greek themes, not simply because they are deeply imbedded in the tradition of the French theatre but because they exhibit individual man's struggle against the Fates.

"La Machine Infernale" is based on the story of Oedipus, the man who beats the Sphinx which is tyrannising thebes only to discover that the Fates have prepared bitter end for him.

He will unknowingly murder his father and marry his mother. But Cocteau's Oedipus

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On Your World Airline

POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

"Well, dear, as far as I can see all this means is that we're going to be graciously permitted to keep Peregrine in a style to which he's no business to be sent for another month or two longer before the Army's ready for him!"

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

CLUB FOR The "Klub Langer Menschen" (Tall THE TALL Persons' Club) has been formed in Munich, Germany, for the purpose of helping people of giant dimensions with their particular problems.

The tall folk are banding together in order to make their lives easier and also happier.

Women are eligible to join if they measure up to a height of six feet or more. Men must be six-feet-three inches or over to qualify as "longer menachen."

All the members of this enterprise, whether socialites or social workers, have joined the "Klub Langer Menschen" with a view to having a good time

and to pressing vigorously for a better existence.

Included in the legislation which the Klub would like to see passed is a recommendation for a reduction in taxes for tall people.

It is argued that tall people need more food than people of normal size. It is further pointed out that in many cases giants have to pay more for their clothing, beds and other necessities.

PAGAN Because of complaints by church leaders that Christmas cards last year were too pagan, shops in New Zealand are this year stocking more "Christian message" cards than ever before.

The campaign to "Put Christ Back Into Christmas" began last November in one small town (Ratitau) in the far north of New Zealand.

By the time Christmas was over, however, repercussions from the initial storm (two Ratitau women bought up all the "pagan" cards in the town and buried them in public) had spread throughout the country.

This year New Zealand's printers have witnessed what has been described as a "revolution" in the type of message appearing on the majority of Christmas cards.

Gone are the "pagan" jingling voices wishing the receiver everything but a Christian Christmas. Gone too are the Christmas card scenes that have nothing to do with the spiritual side of Christmas."

"What is more," comments Katina's vicar, "people are buying the new-style cards. All we have to do is to keep up the good work and see that every card we send packs a truly Christian message."

HYPNOTISED It is highly probable that SPACE MAN the first man on the moon will be hypnotised, says Dr S. J. Van Pelt, President of the British Society of Medical Hypnotists, writing in the current issue of the Society's journal.

This, he adds, because the violent acceleration of take-off would make breathing impossible for the first 20 seconds, and then 40 seconds' breathing obstruction was likely to cause panic in even the bravest man, and panic would further interfere with breathing. Hypnosis would be invaluable in enabling men to face the ordeal without fear.

The moment the rocket motors cut out the passenger would lose all weight and have the unpleasant sensation of falling into a bottomless pit.

Instinctive efforts to save themselves from falling would result in their being violently thrown about, for human muscles would be incredibly powerful in a state of weightlessness.

Space travellers could be trained by hypnosis how to react to these conditions.

A trip round the moon might take only 10 days, but a trip to Mars was likely to take two or three years. Hypnosis was an "obvious" way of making the abnormal conditions endurable.

TOP Britons may be the world's No. 1 dog-lovers, but they change their loves periodically. Last year the most popular dog was the miniature poodle. This year it is the cocker spaniel.

It takes an easy lead at the Ladies' Kennel Association dog show at Olympia with 261 entries against 235 miniature poodles.

What did the poodle do to be banished as the favourite?

Said a breeder: "It is a highly-strung, temperamental dog. It costs about fifteen guineas, and has to be clipped every month or so—an added expense."

In many cases the highly strung nature stems from overbreeding.

Fashionable women like their poodles to be small, frisky little creatures, ready to be pampered and overfed. But in producing this type, breeders often developed a nervous, excitable animal.

At one time, if you were one

of those fussy people who

thinks a room requires a fire-

place and window, you were the

payee of two tax collectors—one

demanding the health tax and

the other demanding you for the

window, which was assessed on

its size. This seems to have

been a rough equivalent of our

super-tax, for it was in addition

to house tax, which was de-

manded from everybody lucky

enough to have a roof over

their heads.

Then there was a male ser-

vant tax, female servant tax

and a tax on four-wheeled

carriages.

Soon he has the chance of

employment as a lift-boy in a

smart Paris hotel—if only he

can get exemption from military

service. In spite of Felix's

protest that any slight defect

there may be in his health will

soon be cured by the healthy

life of a soldier, he is rejected:

"This person suffers from

epileptic attacks; a hereditary

taint from his alcoholic father."

THE MASTER THROWS CUSTARD PIES

CONFESIONS OF FELIX KRULL, CONFIDENCE MAN. By Thomas Mann. Secker and Warburg. 18s. 408 pages.

He arrives in Paris—but not before an interesting incident at the French Customs. A handsome morocco jewel case "unexpectedly" slips into his little bag from the belongings of the person standing next to him.

The comedy has been rich if a little ponderous. Mann, after undertaking many tasks in his time (dusting off the Faust Legend; re-touching the Genesis story of Jacob), ends by throwing custard pies. But they are piles as big as blankets.

To dispose of the jewels proves a harder task. The fence offers him 500 francs; Felix demands 9,000. His argument is

NEW BOOKS

reviewed by George Malcolm Thomson

ingenious: "Pay attention to the advent of a new talent. Don't reject it through stupid miserliness." He settles for 4,400 francs.

By a bizarre turn, the owner of the jewels turns up in Felix's hotel. She is the wife of a manufacturer of lavatories. Her affections are inflammable; her language high-sounding. She is unusually delighted when Felix confesses that he stole her jewels, and insists that he steal some more.

Poverty, it is said is no sin, but that is just talk. To its possessor it is highly sinister—half defect, half undefined reproach. Thanks to this affair of the jewels Felix feels that the sinister reproach is being lifted from him. He is promoted from lift-boy to waiter and meets the young Marquise de Venosta.

Venosta wishes to stay in Paris with an attractive little music-hall actress named Zazu; his parents wish him to travel. From this dilemma there is an escape-route—Felix impersonating his friend, will travel; Venosta will stay with Zazu.

For Felix, Lisbon is the first stop on his world-tour; there he meets a girl named Zouzou, whose formidable mother interrupts the pair at an inconvenient moment. "Is this your way of repaying Portuguese hospitality?" she asks. But the speech which opens thus closes thing it is no longer the same.

Soon he has the chance of employment as a lift-boy in a smart Paris hotel—if only he

can get exemption from military service. In spite of Felix's

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life of a soldier, he is rejected:

"This person suffers from

epileptic attacks; a hereditary

taint from his alcoholic father."

Suspicion

He came to distrust Britain and to view Churchill with admiring suspicion, believing they were ready to trade French interests for military advantage and to sacrifice him to make a deal with Vichy.

His judgment was often distorted. But the experience of the Dutch over the East Indies suggests that France was fortunate in having this touchy guardian of her rights.

De Gaulle writes with lucidity and rhetoric; sometimes the mystique booms in his prose ("I can hear France now, answering me. In the depths of the abyss she is rising up again. Ah, Mother, we are here to serve you," etc.). He has a talent for summarising a situation ("When all is said and done, Britain is an island. France the cape of a continent; America another world") and epitomising a man: Petain: "Too proud for intrigue, too forceful for mediocrity, too ambitious to be a time-server, he nourished in his solitude a passion for domination. Military glory had already lavished on him her bitter caresses. But it had not satisfied him, since it had not loved him alone."

Eden: "Openness of mind and a sensitiveness that were European rather than insular, human rather than administrative."

Attlee: "I can still see Mr Attlee coming softly into my office asking for the assurances needed to relieve his conscience as a democrat, and then withdrawing with a smile on his face."

Indignation

Churchill (in 1940): "At Chequers one August day raising his lists towards the sky as he cried: 'So they (the German bombers) won't come. Are you in such a hurry?' I said to him, 'to see your towns smashed to bits?' You see," he replied, "the bombing of Oxford, Coventry, Canterbury will cause such indignation in the United States that they'll come into the war."

Churchill (in 1942): "The papers printed, Parliament heard, the committees mattered and the clubs spread judgments about him that were sometimes hostile. The result of all this was that Mr Churchill was not in the mood to soften or be at ease, especially towards me."

De Gaulle has a clear conception of his own part in the great drama: he was the Voice of France ("I spoke. It was necessary. Action, employs men's fervour. But words arouse it.")

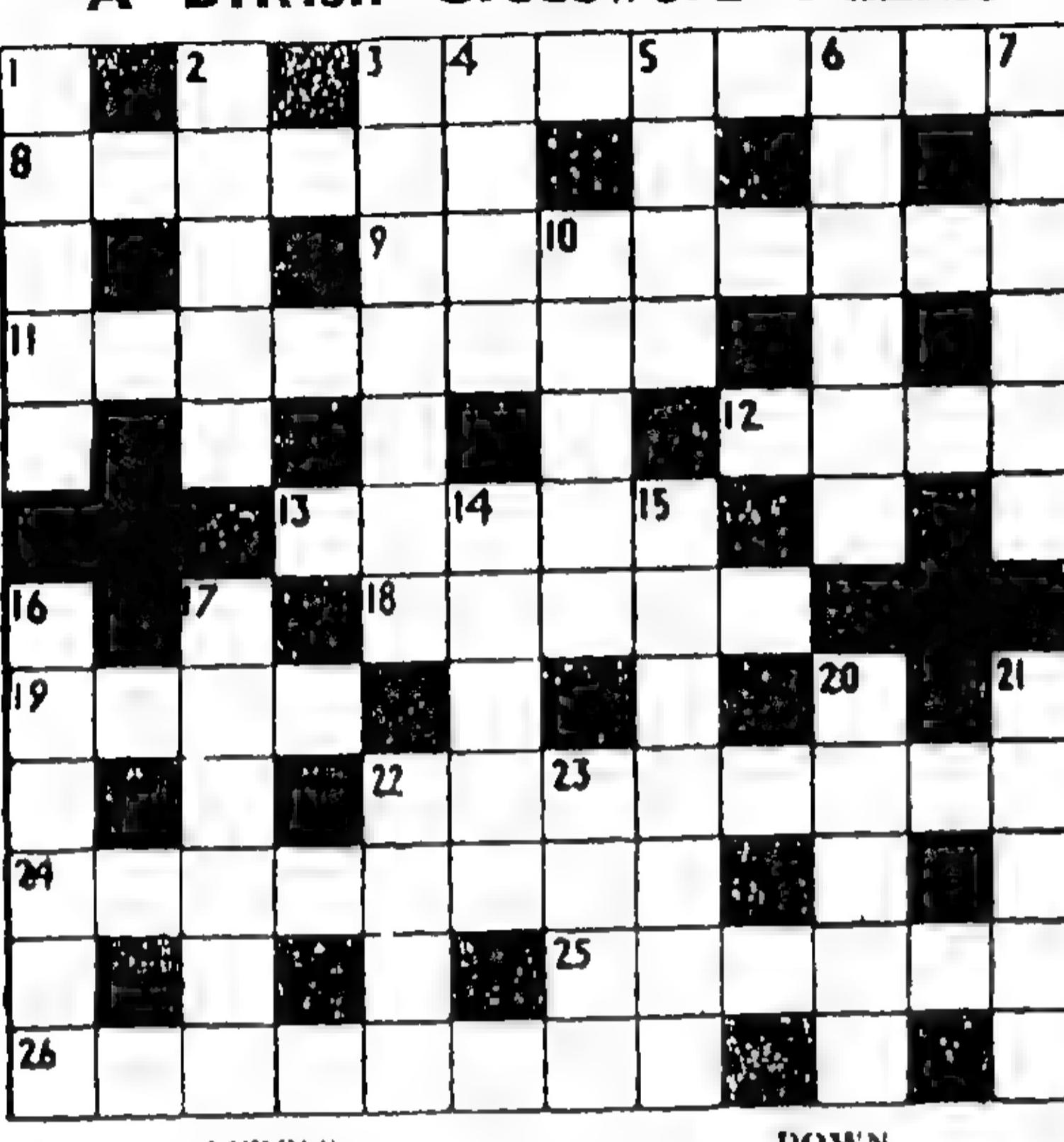
It was in the nature of things that, sometimes, the Voice of France was querulous.

LIBRARY LIST

• The Nimble Rabbit. By John Brophy. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. 250 pages. Brief, light-hearted fiction, set in New York, London and Paris (mainly) Paris: concerned with the romantic entanglements of a romantic novelist, and his rivalry with a best-selling "tough-guy" author for a literary prize given by a handsome American widow. Some shrewd and comic appraisals of the international literary set.

• Report on Africa. By Oden Meister. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 32s. pages. A just-moving American's year in Africa. Vivid snapshots of eminence, corruption, plenty of food for thought, rather under-cooked.

A British Crossword Puzzle



AUSTRIAN CROSSWORD Across 3. Tankard, 8. Opera, 9. Tankard, 10. Artistic, 11. Artistic, 12. Artistic, 13. Artistic, 14. Artistic, 15. Artistic, 16. Artistic, 17. Artistic, 18. Artistic, 19. Artistic, 20. Artistic, 21. Artistic, 22. Artistic, 23. Artistic, 24. Artistic, 25. Artistic, 26. Artistic, 27. Artistic, 28. Artistic, 29. Artistic, 30. Artistic, 31. Artistic, 32. Artistic, 33. Artistic, 34. Artistic, 35. Artistic, 36. Artistic, 37. Artistic, 38. Artistic, 39. Artistic, 40. Artistic, 41. Artistic, 42. Artistic, 43. Artistic, 44. Artistic, 45. Artistic, 46. Artistic, 47. Artistic, 48. Artistic, 49. Artistic, 50. Artistic, 51. Artistic, 52. Artistic, 53. Artistic, 54. Artistic, 55. Artistic, 56. Artistic, 57. Artistic, 58. Artistic, 59. Artistic, 60. Artistic, 61. Artistic, 62. Artistic, 63. Artistic, 64. Artistic, 65. Artistic, 66. Artistic, 67. Artistic, 68. Artistic, 69. Artistic, 70. Artistic, 71. Artistic, 72. Artistic, 73. Artistic, 74. Artistic, 75. Artistic, 76. Artistic, 77. Artistic, 78. Artistic, 79. Artistic, 80. Artistic, 81. Artistic, 82. Artistic, 83. Artistic, 84. Artistic, 85. Artistic, 86. Artistic, 87. Artistic, 88. Artistic, 89. Artistic, 90. Artistic, 91. Artistic, 92. Artistic, 93. Artistic, 94. Artistic, 95. Artistic, 96. Artistic, 97. Artistic, 98. Artistic, 99. Artistic, 100. Artistic, 101. Artistic, 102. Artistic, 103. Artistic, 104. Artistic, 105. Artistic, 106. Artistic, 107. Artistic, 108. Artistic, 109. Artistic, 110. Artistic, 111. Artistic, 112. Artistic, 113. Artistic, 114. Artistic, 115. Artistic, 116. Artistic, 117. Artistic, 118. Artistic, 119. Artistic, 120. Artistic, 121. Artistic, 122. Artistic, 123. Artistic, 124. Artistic, 125. Artistic, 126. Artistic, 127. Artistic, 128. Artistic, 129. Artistic, 130. Artistic, 131. Artistic, 132. Artistic, 133. Artistic, 134. Artistic, 135. Artistic, 136. Artistic, 137. Artistic, 138. Artistic, 139. Artistic, 140. Artistic, 141. Artistic, 142. Artistic, 143. Artistic, 144. Artistic, 145. Artistic, 146. Artistic, 147. Artistic, 148. Artistic, 149. Artistic, 150. Artistic, 151. Artistic, 152. Artistic, 153. Artistic, 154. Artistic, 155. Artistic, 156. Artistic, 157. Artistic, 158. Artistic, 159. Artistic, 160. Artistic, 161. Artistic, 162. Artistic, 163. Artistic, 164. Artistic, 165. Artistic, 166. Artistic, 167. Artistic, 168. Artistic, 169. Artistic, 170. Artistic, 171. Artistic, 172. Artistic, 173. Artistic, 174. Artistic, 175. Artistic, 176. Artistic, 177. Artistic, 178. Artistic, 179. Artistic, 180. Artistic, 181. Artistic, 182. Artistic, 183. Artistic, 184. Artistic, 185. Artistic, 186. Artistic, 187. Artistic, 188. Artistic, 189. Artistic, 190. Artistic, 191. Artistic, 192. Artistic, 193. Artistic, 194. Artistic, 195. Artistic, 196. Artistic, 197. Artistic, 198. Artistic, 199. Artistic, 200. Artistic, 201. Artistic, 202. Artistic, 203. Artistic, 204. Artistic, 205. Artistic, 206. Artistic, 207. Artistic, 208. Artistic, 209. Artistic, 210. Artistic, 211. Artistic, 212. Artistic, 213. Artistic, 214. Artistic, 215. Artistic, 216. Artistic, 217. Artistic, 218. Artistic, 219. Artistic, 220. Artistic, 221. Artistic, 222. Artistic, 223. Artistic, 224. Artistic, 225. Artistic, 226. Artistic, 227. Artistic, 228. Artistic, 229. Artistic, 230. Artistic, 231. Artistic, 232. Artistic, 233. Artistic, 234. Artistic, 235. Artistic, 236. Artistic, 237. Artistic, 238. Artistic, 239. Artistic, 240. Artistic, 241. Artistic, 242. Artistic, 243

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SECOND RACE MEETING

Saturday 19th & Saturday 26th November, 1955.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 16 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain readmission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Enclosure.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each per day and \$32.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguilar Street, between normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 18th November, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the Stewards.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Prize for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 19th November, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tic Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

IN FOOTBALL, AS IN EVERY OTHER WALK OF LIFE, GOOD MANNERS COST NOTHING

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

Good manners cost nothing. Even that seems too high a price for some of those folks who are active in our football affairs. As you may already have read in another newspaper, there has been one more unfortunate example of thoughtless behaviour by a soccer official...this time a referee.

It seems that our turbulent football life must be punctuated with these shows of spite, indiscretion or temperament, but it is somewhat surprising to find that the very people who beat loudest about misrepresentation should be the ones to bare their claws at those who go to them in search of accuracy.

During the Sing Tao-South China game at Caroline Hill last week-end a vital penalty kick was awarded to the Tigers. One of the sports writers whose job it was to present the facts to the public was uncertain of the circumstances surrounding the award, and in order that he should not misrepresent the details in his newspaper he went along to ask the referee for a sample explanation.

He did not get it. Instead — according to his own story to me — he was subjected to a tirade of comment on the activities of the press from the referee and one of the linesmen.

DOING HIS JOB

Now it matters not one iota that the writer concerned happened to be one of the Colony's outstanding sportsmen who sits on important committees and who by his personal conduct, principles and achievements has done much for sport in general.

It matters only that he was in fact doing a job, and trying, in accordance with recent advice from reliable officials of the BKFA, to do it with impartial accuracy, with benefit to his readers, and with an unbiased sense of fairness to the officials in charge.

In such circumstances he was entitled to the courtesy of a polite reply — even if that reply was a categorical refusal to make any explanatory statement. Anything different was not merely a breach of soccer etiquette, it was a breach of the common-sense ethics of good manners.

The referee concerned has gained nothing by his handling of the situation. He has however created a boomerang whereby it may be that in future other writers will not trouble to seek his guidance on controversial points, and he may find what are—in his estimation—misrepresentations of fact in the reports on games which he has handled.

There is one point, however, which I must make clear. It has been reported elsewhere that the writer went to the referee's dressing room after the game. This is not in fact so. He went along at the interval. In this he may have erred, but while it may not have been the opportune time to make his approach, it is no way excuses the unjustified conduct of the official. A polite "No comment" ... or a suggestion that the writer contact him after the game was all that was required.

A week or two ago I commented on the question of dangerous play in as far as it affected a player who placed himself in danger. The comment arose out of an incident in the

game between the CAA and the Police. I have the greatest regard, and the fact that two such experienced soccerers are uncertain on the interpretation of a law shows that the point at issue is one worthy of some further consideration.

The question really is 'Should time lost during a game be made up in the half in which it is lost?' Mr. McAlpine has put forward some very sound reasons why it should, but if you examine his views you will see that they can all too easily be turned around and shown to be disadvantageous to the other side ... for example one can think of a side facing a dropping sun man short and probably in no way to blame for the stoppage ... should they have to face it for longer than the prescribed time, when it will certainly change its position as time passes?

I shall be most interested to see what views on the matter are offered by our referees as suggested by the writer. On a purely personal note, however, I know that I had read something official on this subject not long ago. The usual frantic search through files took place and this is what I found:

"It is contained in a letter from FIFA dated Nov. 23, 1954, and under heading Law XII — Fouls and Misconduct, it says:

"In the half in which it is lost?" Mr. McAlpine has put forward some very sound reasons why it should, but if you examine his views you will see that they can all too easily be turned around and shown to be disadvantageous to the other side ... for example one can think of a side facing a dropping sun man short and probably in no way to blame for the stoppage ... should they have to face it for longer than the prescribed time, when it will certainly change its position as time passes?

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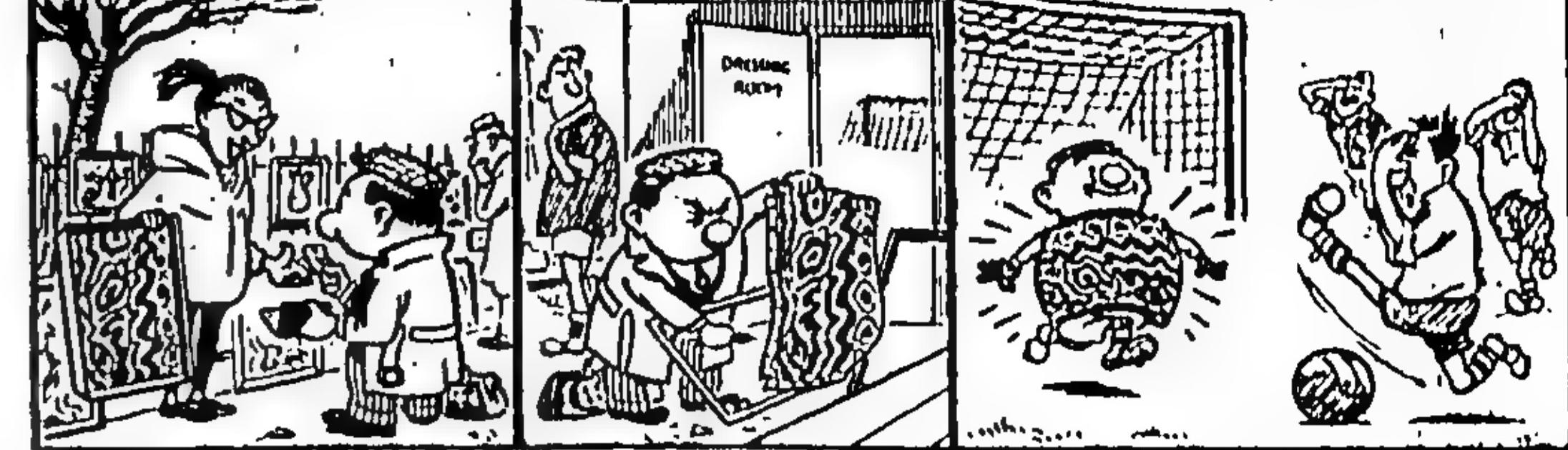
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SPORTING SAM



THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

Navy Meet RAF Island, Club Play RAF Mainland

By "PAK LO"

Due to certain exercises no Army XV will be seen in action this afternoon and as a result the other teams have switched opponents and venues. Both of the Club games will take place on the Happy Valley ground, while the scheduled game between the Navy and RAF Island will now be held on the Navy ground at Causeway Bay, starting at 3.00 p.m.

The first game of the afternoon will be the Club "B" versus HMS Crane clash at 2.30 p.m., and this will be followed at 4.30 p.m. by the Club "A" side facing RAF Mainland. All today's games are therefore on the Hongkong side of the harbour.

The Club "B" has this week had an influx of strength, due mainly to the fact that most of the Bank players are due to appear at a cocktail party later in the afternoon.

Most of the additions are to the forwards, who will be much heavier than usual, and probably much faster than the "B" side is used to.

Behind the scrum this week they have Cole and Roberts as the two halves, and these two should combine well enough to give them a good service. The three are themselves unchanged, but with two good halves in front, and with Martin, another change, behind them at full back, they should be able to a large extent to concentrate on attacking.

The Navy side is as strong as usual, and on paper they should beat RAF Island. Both teams have played the Club "A" and while the Navy won by 6 points to nil the Islanders went down by 9 points to 6.

Theoretically this proves that the Islanders are no match for the Navy, but other statistics prove that the converse is true for against 27 Brindie the Navy were held to a draw while the Airmen won by 8 points to 6.

However, taking into consideration the fact that the Islanders switches have, if anything, weakened their team, I select the Navy to win.

MORE ON THE LAWS

A short time back, in order to prove that most players knew little about the laws of the game, I published a few questions on the laws. The response to these has been surprising, for not only has the Laws of the Game increased by leaps and bounds, but I have been asked by quite a few players and referees to continue the series. So be it.

Naturally, since the Club "B" is more powerful this afternoon, the Club "A" is that much weaker, mainly of course in the forwards, though whether the two halves will combine successfully is a moot question.

The pack is much lighter and I would say slower than usual, and it will require all Kerr's skill to keep the forwards up with the game.

RAF Mainland have as I predicted the other day, included Mitchell at scrum half in place of Lucas, and Dyer also given his place in the centre in preference to Weeks.

Lewis is switching to the wing again and Fraser returns to the centre of the three line, beside Dyer. The pack remains unchanged. As a result the RAF have one of the strongest three lines they have had all season, and combined with the weight of the forwards they should have plenty of the ball, for the forwards should easily push the Club on the ball in the set scrums.

With everything in their favour the Mainland look like tricking up a fairly high score, but the Club is usually at its best when it seems down and out, and they could just give the Airmen a shock today. Joe knows that he must handle the ball in the scrum. He has found out the hard way by having penalties galore awarded against him. When after a game in the Clubhouse Joe is told by another that it is legal at one point to handle in a scrum, Joe scoffs and offers to bet on the subject. Would Joe lose his bet?

(3) "Tackle." A tackle occurs when the holder of the ball in the field-of-play is held by one or more players of the opposing team so that while he is so held the ball comes into contact with the ground, etc., etc.

One thing must be said about the RAF Island team. They are gluttons for punishment. Having been well beaten by Arunta last week, they took them on again on Wednesday and, losing by 18 points to nil, were persuaded, at least for the time being, that the Arunta were the better side.

"When a player is tackled he must immediately release the ball." Joe going down the wing is tackled four feet short of the line. Now Joe, being a forward, is a hefty brute, and



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Saturday, 19th November, 1955.

Over 2,000,000 tickets sold to date.

The Sale of Cash Sweep Tickets on the above will close on Friday, 18th November, as follows:—

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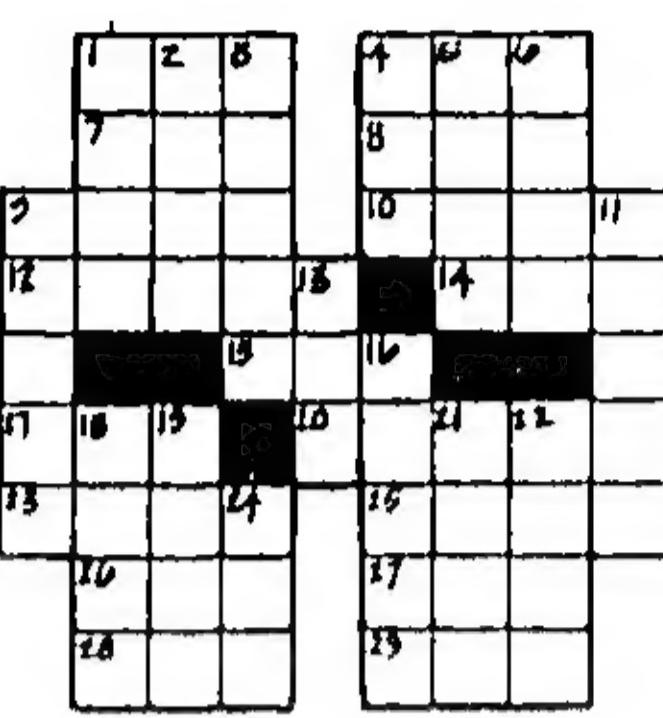


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



DIAMOND

PANTHER provides a centre for this word diamond. The second word is "a measure"; third, "canvas shelter"; fifth is "additional"; and sixth, "a weight of India." Finish the diamond:

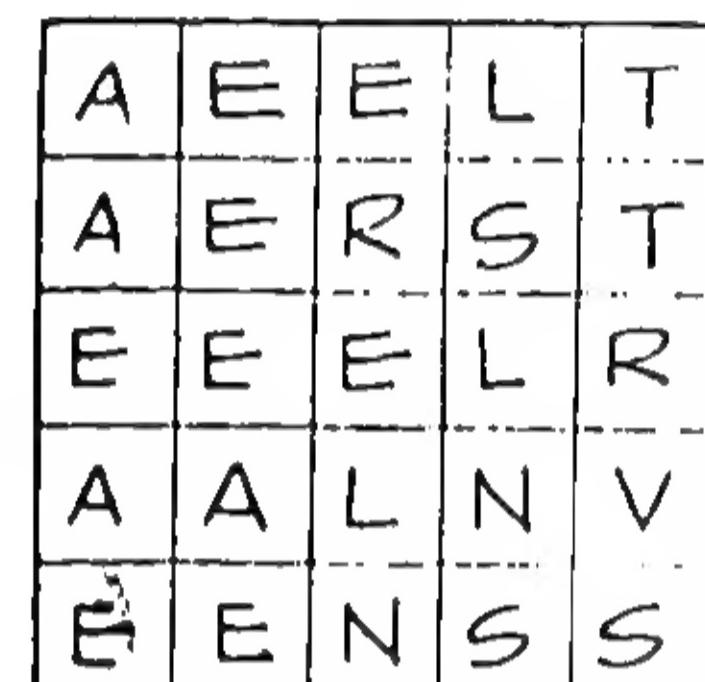
P
A
N
T
H
E
R

WORD CHAIN

Try changing a CENT into a DIME in only four moves. Alter only one letter at a time and have a good word on each changed letter.

WORD SQUARE

If you rearrange the letters in each row and then rearrange the rows, your answer will read the same down as across;



(Solutions on Page 20)

ACROSS

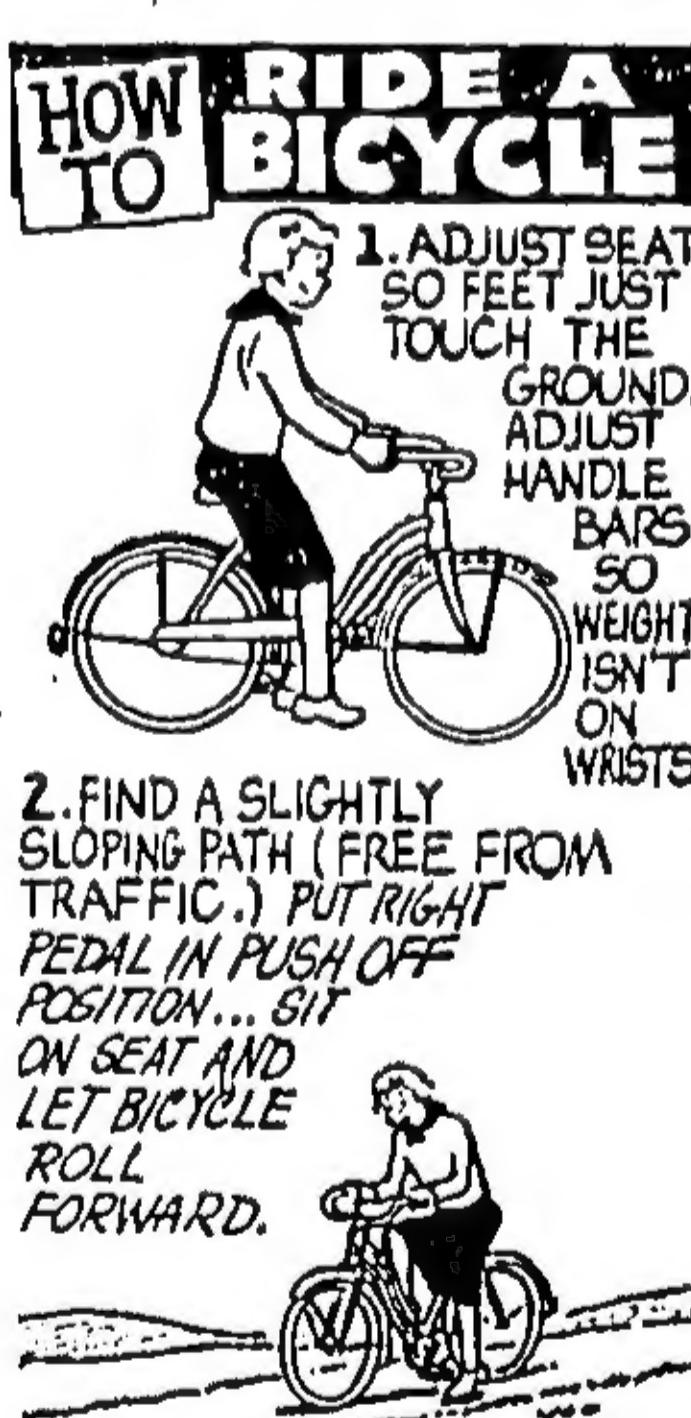
- 1 Pen --
- 4 Cooking utensil
- 7 Exist
- 8 River in Switzerland
- 9 Solar disk
- 10 Allowance for waste
- 12 Pauses
- 14 Observe
- 15 Pronoun
- 17 Unit of weight
- 20 Periods of time
- 23 Assam silkworm
- 25 Ceremony
- 26 Social insect
- 27 Fish
- 28 Sheltered side
- 29 Worm

DOWN

- 1 Top of the head
- 2 Mineral rocks
- 3 Impressions
- 4 Light touch
- 5 Rowing implements
- 6 Sturdy plant
- 9 Rugged mountain crest
- 11 Pester
- 13 Skirtish
- 14 Weird
- 18 Verbal
- 19 Number
- 21 Helps
- 22 Roues (ab.)
- 24 Consumed

DETAILED WORDS

De-tail a "pupil cape" and have "verbal"; de-tall this and have "a British money of account"; de-tall again and have "it her."



3. PUT FEET ON PEDALS... LET BICYCLE GO ALONG BY ITSELF AND JUST TRY TO BALANCE!

4. TO GET OFF: SLOW DOWN UNTIL BARELY MOVING, PUT FOOT DOWN ON SIDE OF THE LEAN.

BE CAREFUL! CYCLING CAN BE DANGEROUS.

HERE ARE SOME GOOD RULES TO FOLLOW:

I DON'T CARRY SOMEBODY ELSE; 2. I CARRY ONLY MY OWN BAGGAGE; 3. DON'T HANDEL ALL OVERSTEERED;

(Answers on Page 20)

Boys Can Make Miniature Totem Pole Into Lamp

HOW would you like your own totem pole? Of course, if you had lots of money you probably could send an expedition among the native tribes that inhabit the northwestern part of the United States and Alaska and try to purchase some of the few remaining totem poles. But most of them are now in museums or in zoological parks.

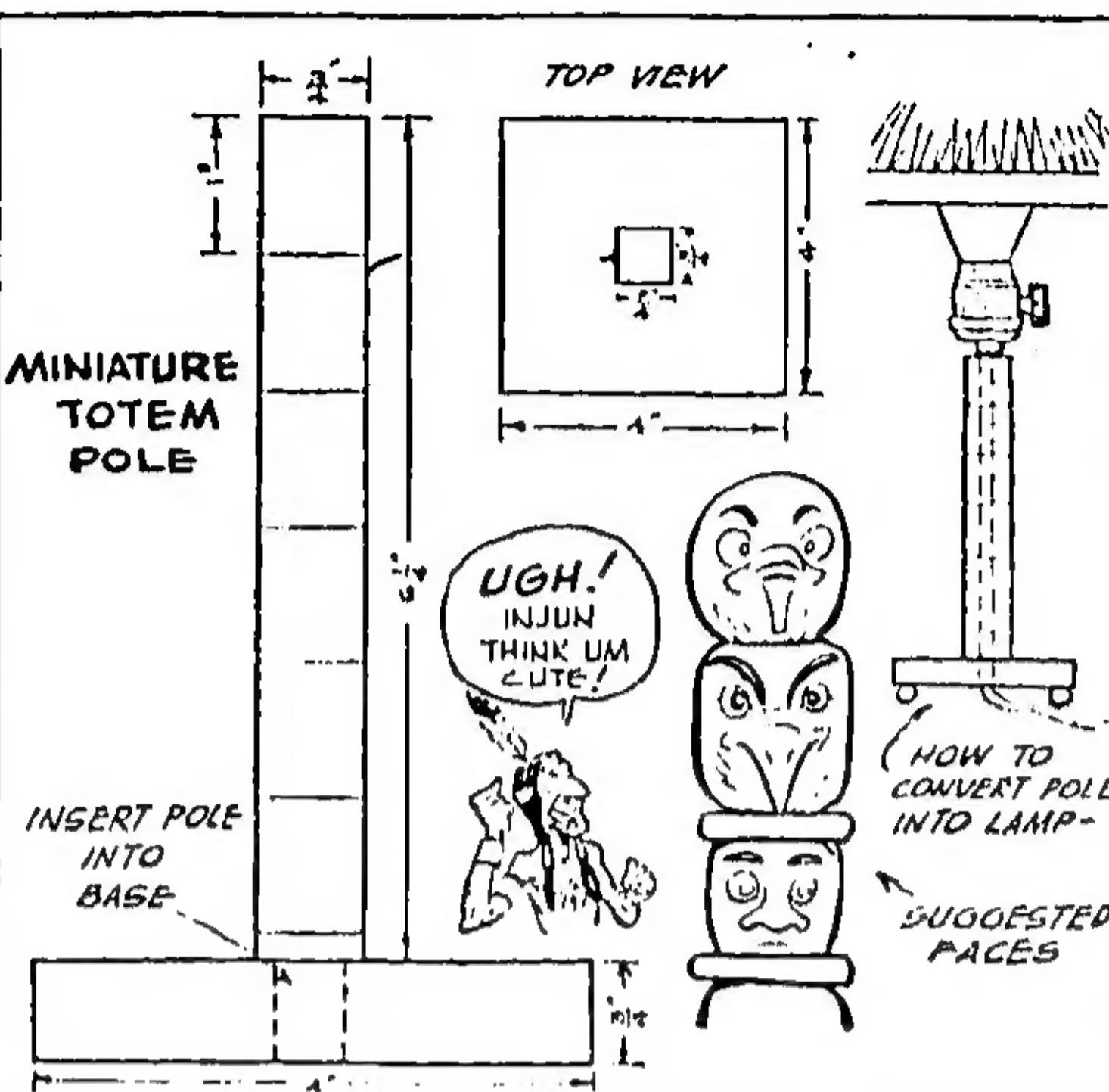
But it would take several years to finish a full-sized totem pole, even with the necessary artistic ability and material. So the most practical course is to make a miniature totem pole.

Have available a sharp penknife, a stone on which to sharpen the blade from time to time, and a piece of wood four inches square and three-quarters of an inch in thickness for the base of the totem pole. Also have a piece of wood about seven inches in length and three-quarters of an inch on each surface.

★ ★ ★

On the length of the pole mark off seven lines, each one inch apart. In each of these boxes there will be a design and all faces of the wood will be used. If you want to keep the pole in the base permanently, then use only six of the boxes. Use all seven boxes if it is to be put in loose.

Now for the design or motif. The simplest way is to use what is known as a repeated design. On a sheet of paper draw a box the same size as one of the boxes on the pole. Draw two eyes, a nose and several teeth. Place a piece of carbon paper on your pole and



trace this design on each surface. When you remove the carbon paper, go over the design with a pen and ink.

★ ★ ★

You are now ready to start carving. All you have to do is to cut out the wood around the eyes, nose and teeth on each surface. This takes time. Round the corners and sides so that the finished totem pole will look round.

★ ★ ★

In the centre of the base board drill a hole into which the totem pole will fit. The pole can be left loose or glued in permanently. In order to prevent it from scratching your desk or table top, glue a piece of felt cut to size on the bottom of the base board.

After the first miniature totem pole is finished it will be easier to make one

with repeated designs on each of the four faces, but with different designs underneath each other. Use the same technique of first drawing a simple design on a sheet of paper and then transferring it by means of the carbon paper.

★ ★ ★

Here are some suggestions: Draw a simple face, the sun as a round ball with lines portraying sunbeams, a turtle, a fish, a canoe, a tent, an igloo, a bear, or seal.

The finished totem pole can be varnished to preserve the wood. Or with a small paint set, paint individual designs. The sun would be painted red; the face could have brown eyes, a brown nose, and white teeth, and an igloo could be painted white.

The totem pole can be converted into an electric lamp. Here are some suggestions worth following for such a procedure. Drill the hole through the pole before starting the initial carvings. Place four wooden legs on the bottom of the base board to give it clearance for the electric wire on the bottom.

If Younger Sisters Or Brothers Annoy You, Learn How To Treat "The Small Fry"

KIDS, HOW do you treat the younger sisters and brothers in your family?

We all realize that little brothers and sisters can be very irritating. In every small boy there is something of the savage, and it is sure to appear when "brother" has his friends come to visit him, or when "sister" tries to add a touch of her own individuality to the living room.

★

Many older boys and girls give up in despair at this point, and see their friends outside the home. But the wiser ones set to work to solve the problem.

He began by mending broken kites, tangled fishing lines and dilapidated dolls. He patiently arranged their treasures and, above all else, he never dis-



turbed their precious possessions, which before he had called "trash."

As a result, his two younger brothers began to keep their room tidy and brushed their hair without being scolded. When his own friends came to visit, the young boys ceased to play tricks that annoyed their brother. In short, they behaved like little gentlemen.

"Brother" found the time and the energy he had given to the affairs of the younger ones richly repaid, and the whole family enjoyed the change.

A "sweet sixteen" we know solved her problems by being particularly attentive and agreeable to her brothers' and sisters' guests, and taking pains to see that all of the youngsters enjoyed coming to her home.

★

She arranged little prize contests, such as those they heard on the radio, and gave little prizes. She served sandwiches, and in many ways showed the boys and girls that she was really interested in their welfare.

Her brothers and sisters felt that they, in turn, ought to be polite to her, too, and to help her keep the porch and house attractive.

A big luncheon for a boys' camping party was the cause of their clearing up the lawn and planting flowers where "sister" wanted them to be placed. Various other courtesies inspired the boys to help her lay out a croquet ground, and put up swings under the trees.

The boys discovered that they could have a good time without "running wild."

A Visit To Mixup Town

—It Never Rained There, Except on Sunny Days—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, and General Tin the Tin Soldier, all got on the back of the hobby horse and rode through the Misty Wall. The Misty Wall was at the end of the Playroom. It looked just like an ordinary wall except that it wasn't an ordinary wall at all. You could ride right through it.

Strange Places

You got to strange places after you rode through the Misty Wall.

Sometimes you got to the Land of Ticking Clocks.

Sometimes you got to Monkey Land, or Zebra Land, or Giraffe Land.

Sometimes (if you were very lucky) you got to Coconut Conicle Land.

But funniest and most interesting and pleasantest land of all was Bungle Land. This was where Knarf and Hanid and General Tin went to this night when they rode on the back of the hobby horse through the Misty Wall.

Principal City

The principal city in Bungle Land was called Mixup Town. You never saw such a place. The houses all had their roofs in the cellars and their cellars in the sky.

In Mixup Town the mice chased the cats and the cats chased the dogs. The cows went "Ba-a-a" and the sheep went "Moo." The schools in Mixup Town were fun from morning till night for the children did the teaching and the teachers did the learning.

Suppose you have a good pitching arm and don't even go out for baseball. Suppose you can sing and don't get in there

It never rained in Mixup Town except on sunny days.



And when it rained in Mixup Town the raindrops fell very slowly and very wide apart so that it was no trouble at all to walk between them without getting wet.

The second most important city in Bungle Land was called Sunday. It was called Sunday because it was always Sunday there.

Everyone in the whole land of Bungle did what they enjoyed doing and enjoyed doing what they did, which is almost the same thing but not quite. Sometimes the Bunglers dug holes and filled them up again. Sometimes they tied knots and untied them. Sometimes they just sat in the park and let the pigeons feed them.

In the whole land of Bungle, no one ever heard a baby cry.

When Knarf and Hanid and General Tin rode through the Misty Wall to the land of Bungle, they visited the king. His name was "V." King V lived in a big palace filled with all the things that ever got lost! He had one room filled with buttons and another room filled with pennies, and a third room filled with pine.

A Jolly King

He was a jolly little king. There wasn't anything that he wasn't glad to give away.

"Everybody should be generous," he said to Knarf and Hanid and General Tin. "If everybody gave things away, everybody would have the things that everybody else gave them."

He wanted to give Knarf and Hanid and General Tin all this but one. But General Tin only took a silver one he had lost from his coat. And Hanid only took a pearl one which he had lost from her dress. And Knarf didn't take any at all because all the others had bigger.

"Come again, soon," King V called after them. "In the rock in the back of the room, look for the other end of the Misty Wall back where you came from to the playroom."

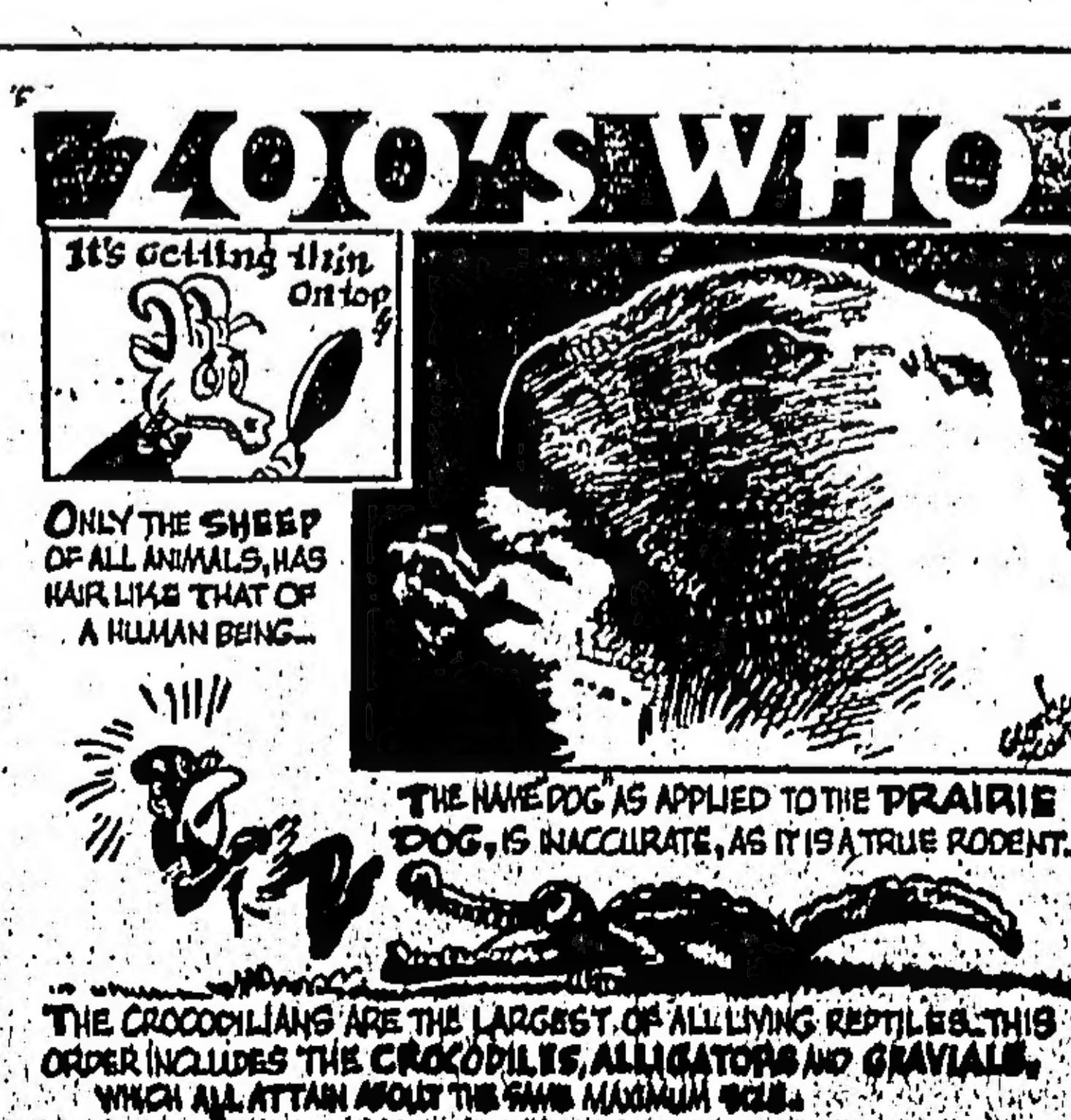
Rupert's Deep Sea Adventure - 24



For a few minutes Rupert remains fixed. Then, just as suddenly, the pressure on his back eases and he drifts easily downward. My, the poor bear is glad to be free again! "I'm thinkin' But when he is on the sea-bed there

is no sign of the old gentleman and he gazes around puzzled. Gradually an awful thought strikes him, and he feels the ring at his finger. "My, the poor bear is glad to be free again! I'm thinkin' But when he is on the sea-bed there

is no sign of the old gentleman and he gazes around puzzled.



THE NAME DOG AS APPLIED TO THE PRAIRIE DOG IS INACCURATE, AS IT IS A TRUE RODENT.
THE CROCODILIANS ARE THE LARGEST OF ALL LIVING REPTILES BUT THIS ORDER INCLUDES THE CROCODILES, ALLIGATORS AND GAVIATES WHICH ALL ATTAIN ABOUT THE SAME MAXIMUM SIZE.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Deceptive Play Leads To Error

By OSWALD JACOBY

SHED no tear for South in today's hand. He was the victim of his own greed, but it must be admitted that West's deceptive play steered South onto the path of destruction.

West opted the four of clubs, East put up the jack, and South won with the queen. South could count five diamond tricks and three sets in addition to the first trick, but he saw no harm in going after extra tricks.

With this object in mind, South led diamond to the dummy and returned the ten of hearts for a finesse. When South let the ten of hearts ride, West craftily won with the king (instead of the jack) and returned the king of clubs.

South naturally assumed that East had the jack of hearts at 1 that he was going to make 11 tricks in top cards. With some idea of preparing for a squeeze, South took the act of clubs, led a second diamond to the dummy, and led dummy's remaining heart in order to fine the nine of hearts.

West pounced on this trick.

NORTH	9		
♦ J 10 8			
♦ K Q J 2			
♦ Q 7 5			
WEST	EAST		
♦ 7 2	♦ K Q 8 4 3		
♦ K J 7 5	♦ Q 3 2		
♦ Q 10 5	♦ K 6 3		
♦ K 10 8 4 3	♦ J 2		
SOUTH	D		
♦ A 9 5			
♦ A Q 9 8			
♦ Q 7 4			
♦ A Q 6			
North-South vul.			
South	West	North	East
1.N.T.	Pass	3.N.T.	Pass
Pass	Pass		
Opening lead—♦ 4			

with the jack of hearts and cashed three club tricks to set the contract. South's blood pressure is back to normal, thank you, but he will never be the same trusting soul.

CHORDS **Sense**

Q—With neither sides vulnerable, the bidding has been: North East South West 1 Heart 2 Clubs? You, South, hold: ♠KJ1097 ♡QJ642 ♦Q5 ♣3 What do you do?

A—Bid four hearts. As in yesterday's hand, you have great distributional strength. If West refuses to be talked out of spades, he may get the shock of his life.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: ♠K5 ♡QJ642 ♦AKJ916 ♣0 What do you do?

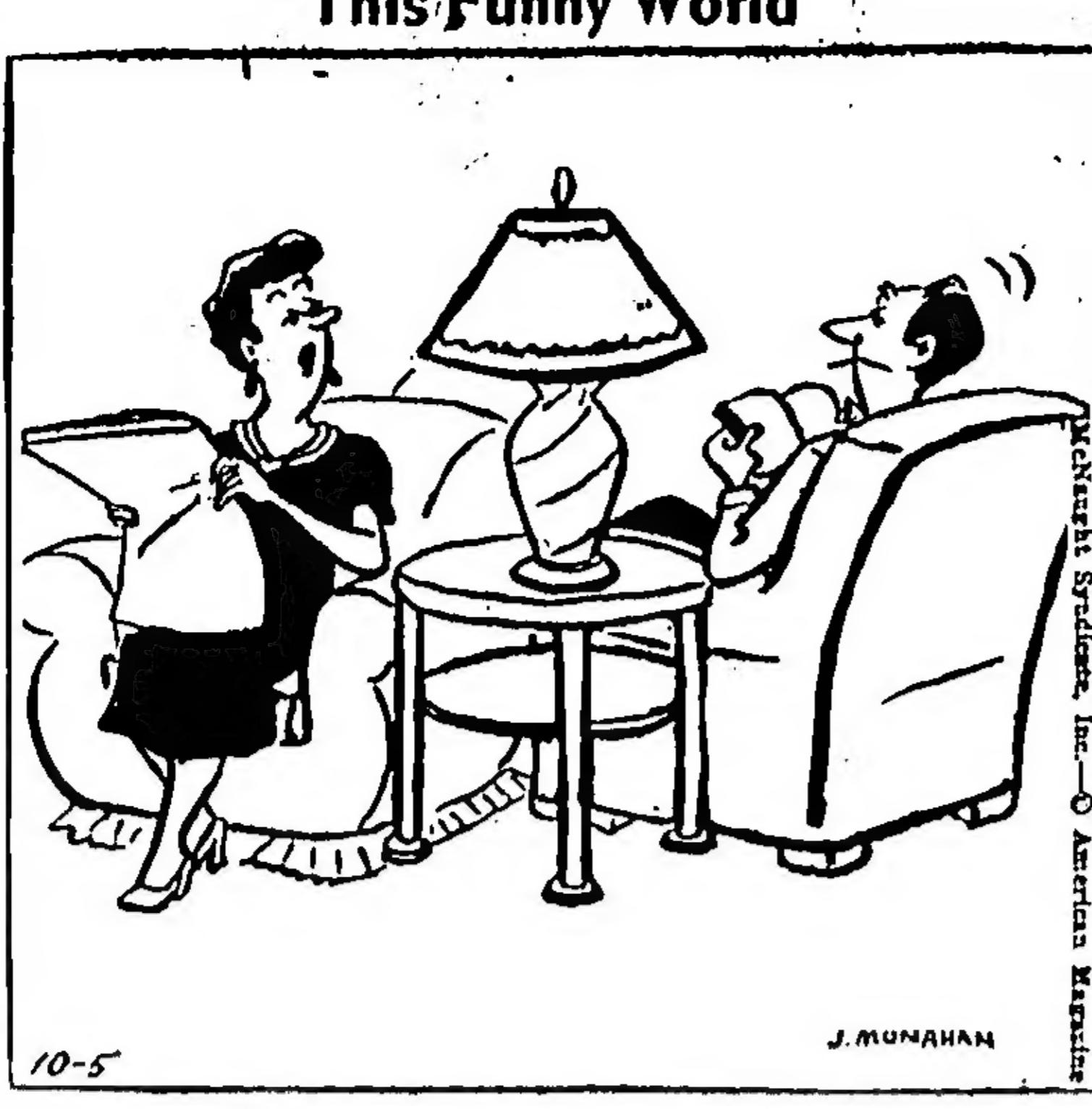
Answer: Monday

TARGET

L	T	U
I	S	N
U	G	O

Small squares are given. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one other word in the list. No plurals, no foreign words, no proper names, nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, etc. 38 words, very good. 43 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Every interview never went review, retain twin twin twiner view viewer wear wear wear wear winter wire wire wittern wear write.



This Funny World

"Which one of us is the opposite sex?"

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12

BORN today, you are gifted in the arts, especially literature. You have the keen imagination and the pleasant wit that goes with writing entertainingly. You are able to take "dry as dust" facts and dress them up pleasantly. You also have some gift as a mimic and might find that the stage, screen, radio or television beckons to you. Avoid expansion of an enterprise during the summer months. June appears to be your happiest month.

You are exceptionally intuitive and may have some tendencies as a psychic. Be careful how you make use of this gift, for it can bring unhappiness if you do not utilize it wisely. You have a talent for reading people and your work should always have something to do with dealing directly with the public. You have to fear before audiences and are self-possessed—actually quite at home. You have a charming personality. Usually, you are the centre of any party which you attend and are used to being in the limelight.

Do not all your estimates of others you will always weigh all the evidence before making up your mind about anything. Although not everyone will agree with you, you will have the respect of those who disagree.

Among those born on this date are: Joseph Hopkins and George Dillon, poets; Elizabeth Cody Stanton, reformer; Edward Valentine, sculptor; Thomas W. Wood artist; William M. Sloan, educator and historian; Jack Oakie, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Early to church this morning will be good for you. The minister may have a sermon you need to hear!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Signs of complications on the home front. Money matters may prove perplexing. Be as tactful as you can.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Accompany a close friend to church this morning and you will be rewarded by the pleasure that you bring.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)—Let down tensions this morning and when afternoon and evening come seek pleasant and appropriate recreation.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—Church attendance and plenty of rest today should revive your waning spirits and rebuild your energy for tomorrow.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—Better not to gossip today. If you hear what you think is a good nasty fib—hold it. It may be a false rumour.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If your troubles seem to be piling up, you may find that listening to a good sermon is just the right answer.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A fine day for catching up on the correspondence. Answer letters if you want to get more.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You might invite a few people in for tea this afternoon but don't work too hard at being entertaining!

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If others criticise, don't take it too much to heart, especially if you know that it is not justified.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Don't let yourself get into an argument with a relative or a close friend. You probably wouldn't win!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Now you can start the new week by putting into action the advice of others today, rather than insist upon your own opinions.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If a friend disappoints you by his actions, try to overlook it. Losing your temper will do no good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)—Confide your hopes and dreams to a close friend and you may receive in return a helpful suggestion.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—Challenge trouble with a smile and you may find that it disappears more quickly than you believed it could.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—A strange incident may give you an inspiration which could turn a hobby into a vocation in the future.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—You may get an inspiration or a new idea from a comparative stranger whom you meet quite by accident today.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Now you can start the new week by putting into action the advice of others today, rather than insist upon your own opinions.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If a friend disappoints you by his actions, try to overlook it. Losing your temper will do no good.

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PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—Challenge trouble with a smile and you may find that it disappears more quickly than you believed it could.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—This could be a real "plus" Monday but if you will take a positive, constructive view, all is well. In the end,

They're in it up to their elbows — the men who make popular records. And when they pull out a jackpot winner they're likely to scratch their heads and wonder why . . .

THE GREAT BRAN TUB SCRABBLE



By FRANCIS MARTIN

London. SOME call it the biggest Bran Tub or Lucky Dip over. Others call it the Cloak and Dagger Run. Others again the Rat Race. I speak of the "pops" record world.

In the past nine months 40 million records, mostly 10-inch pops, have been sold in Britain. Biggest buying, or at any rate, consuming group and the teenagers.

The more extreme of this group squeal at their favourite soloist's high notes, scratch their names on the enamel of his parked ear, wear his picture in heavy-gilt "photoidentity bracelets," four-and-a-half post-free.

FIRST TARGET

Knowing just what will appeal to the teenagers—or, for that matter, to the adult and relatively staid buyer—is a problem that the record makers, talent-smiths, and publicity-pullers are as far from solving as ever. They are all up to their armpits in the bran tub, scrabbling furiously for what they hope will turn out to be winning numbers, winning gimmicks, winning voices.

Their first target is Hit Parade lists, printed by two leading disc weeklies after trade surveys, of the 10 or 20 records which are selling best throughout Britain week by week. For every disc that finds its way into Hit Parade and stays the pace there, hundreds come stillborn or feeble from the presses, losing money which can only be recouped by steady "standard" sales and periodical Jackpots.

When the Jackpot does turn up the experts often scratch their heads and wonder how it got there. I know a disc that sold a quarter of a million in two months: The sales booster in charge of it said: "It doesn't do a thing for me. Or for anybody at headquarters. But it's going fantastically. Boy, if we knew beforehand what's going to click with the public we'd never have a grey hair or less than a million at the bank."

NEARLY 250,000

When the booster or plugger sees one of his firm's discs coming up on Hit Parade, his next move is to send it to the radio "jockeys" and pray they'll give it an airing—in their disc programmes—a pretty sound way of turning a plain hit into a smash hit. Disc-jockey programmes are usually fixed weeks ahead. The plugger must find out who is jockeying on a given advance date and what his requirements are. Finding out is no simple process.

That is why a questing plugger is said to be on the Cloak and Dagger Run. His success—or lack of it—is variable. I know one Hit Parade "top" which scored

THE FLOPS

In no segment of the entertainment industry is there a hotter scanner to be first in the field and far ahead. In the process newly-groomed stars came unstuck with a chain of flops after a single appearance, say, halfway up Hit Parade.

THE CENSOR

My own impression, having listened to much of this barking, is that the BBC censors are rather ready to be shocked. They frowned upon Eartha Kitt for talking of slipping lethal powder into the Heel's coffee, a thing he richly deserved. And they frowned just as blackly upon the Mills Brothers for putting into Verdi (the Rigoletto Quartet tune) to a love lyric beginning:

Solo! This is no fly-by-night type urge.

Chorus: The urge, the urge, the urge.

The best way to treat such impudence surely is to brush it off with an indulgent smile.

What real harm can it do anyway?

I have dealt with Bran Tub and Cloak and Dagger. What of Rat Race?

THE CROSWORD

In no segment of the entertainment industry is there a hotter scanner to be first in the field and far ahead. In the process newly-groomed stars came unstuck with a chain of flops after a single appearance, say, halfway up Hit Parade.

How on earth," asked the magistrate, "could your left leg, the trousered one, have been on the right of your untrousered right leg with his trousered right leg in your left trouser?"

"We were facing the wrong way round," said the man, "with our backs to the baker's shop. What had been my left leg was on the right when we fell over that is on the left to anyone facing the shop."

"All that," said the magistrate, "is immaterial."

"I don't see what's immaterial about it," said the man.

"Will you give me an undertaking," asked the magistrate, "to put both your legs into your trousers next time you go out?"

"As far as is humanly possible," said the man.

"I see nothing inhuman in pursuing such a course," said the magistrate.

"Other people manage to achieve this seal every day. Go away, and try to be sensible."

Amelia steps out (10)

A last Amelia faced the cameras, dressed in a leopard skin and holding a spear. "It's a spear," shouted Gingels, "not a knitting-needle!" Amelia spoke her first words: "I am your Queen. Jeff Renlon shall die in his bed."

"I see nothing inhuman in pursuing such a course," said the magistrate.

"Other people manage to achieve this seal every day. Go away, and try to be sensible."

"Jeff Renlon shall die at sunrise." After an hour they had taught her how to say the line. Then came "Where is my witch-doctor?" This she said as though asking for the kindly old family doctor who would take her pulse. "Flash your eyes," yelled Gingels. Amelia blinked and again tripped over the spear.

"It's a spear," shouted Gingels.

"I am your Queen. Jeff Renlon shall die in his bed."

"I see nothing inhuman in pursuing such a course," said the magistrate.

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"Other people manage to achieve this seal every day. Go away, and try to be sensible."

"Jeff Renlon shall die in his bed."

"I am your Queen

